Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XIV. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 28, 1835. Whole No. 713.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ON SCANDAL.

Too often the topic of Conversation

Whose scandal breathed in dire discordant sounds,
Wounds all it strikes and poisons all it wounds;
Nor grief's healing balm, the tongue should dip,
Prudence—with the finger, seal the lip.
Who fill the feeling breast with pain and woe?
Shall the best treasure heaven can bestow;—
Who rob the christian of its spotless fame—
And by deception blight the purest name?
Teach me O God! to drop a pitying tear,
And to their faults be kind; but not severe.
Look with compassion on the faults we see,
May heaven the same compassion shew to me—
And when all earthly scenes with thee are o'er,
May angels guard you to that peaceful shore
Where all measure to bless the heavenly scene,
No one dark cloud shall ever intervene,
No jealousies learn to blight the pure and just—
Who in Omnipotence divine, confide, and trust.

AGNES.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE CAVEAT.—No. I.

I am often very much amused by the various characters given by different persons of one individual. Even among intimate acquaintances, and where they mingle together daily, I observe that this is sometimes the case. To a person who is something of a spectator, reserved and observing, these little inconsistencies afford much matter for that secret satisfaction denominated "laugh in the sleeves," which sly observers of human nature are very apt to indulge in. This satisfaction generally proceeds from a self-sufficiency, an overstrained idea of ones own knowledge and penetration, and rather diminutive opinion of others sagacity, but as it is, in most cases, a harmless sort of amusement, and is after all but human nature, as old Adam says, and indulged in, in some degree, by all. I do not know that it is much to be condemned, and I hope I shall incur no great risk of personal offence in entering myself one of these "reserved observers." In that character I propose to serve up one or two chaces in the various lights in which they are, or may be viewed by others, and then to sum up with my own opinion as the ultimatum.

A few evenings since, at the house of a friend, the conversation turned on *Courage*, and very naturally fell into discussing the thing itself, it soon changed to the possessors of it—said one of the company, naming a prominent individual of our neighbourhood; "He is a very brave man, and would as soon fight as eat. I should as soon think of putting my head in the lion's mouth as to say any thing to him that would create displeasure. Indeed one needs be very careful in conversing with him, as he takes fire at the least slight, or any thing that can be tortured into an indignity. He is reckless of consequences and desperately brave——" another remarked, "I agree with you, he fears nothing, and I doubt much if he knows what fear is. I have seen him incur the greatest danger without necessity. He is a man to be relied on in any emergency, and would put his life at stake to help a friend without any hesitation."

To which another replied, "I have heard a great deal of him and his vaunted bravery, and I have seen and heard much of his bragadocia. I have observed him in his cups, strut round, and vapour, and flourish, and talk big, but I have never seen him perform a truly brave deed, nor heard of his ever doing one. For my part I look on him rather as a braggart than a hero."

"I differ with you," said a fourth, "I believe there are periods when he would fight long and courageously, but not at all times. I believe that at times he is brave, and at times the reverse. It depends altogether on circumstances. When under the influence of liquor he would undoubtedly fight, as liquor elevates him, rouses his passions, and causes him to overlook or forget the sentiment of fear which otherwise might sway him. He is a brave man only when made so by stimulants."

Such were the opinions expressed of one with whom I am well acquainted, and whose disposition I thought, and think I know, for I have studied it—neither was right. He is a brave man at all times. When under the influence of stimulants, which I lament to say he frequently, his courage is that of mere animal nature, excited passions, mere brute courage, and more resembles an infuriated wild beast's roarings than the sane or expressions of a rational being. He is then apt to resent and quick to take offence. It is not safe for his best friend to even oppose him in any of his mad schemes, as he would consider it an insult, and demand "satisfaction" on the spot. But when himself—when reason has sway—when mind is predominant, he is a different being and is truly a brave man. He looks to consequences, and incurs no risk unnecessarily, but should duty require, would march with a firm step even before the cannon's mouth. He is warm of heart, friendly and firm in disposition. But he will sometimes degrade his nature, sink himself to a level with brutes, and sip the intoxicating draught, till he becomes the infuriated mad-man. Alas! that noble qualities should be so degraded! Alas! that a man once should lay himself open to the imputation of the most despicable of characters, a drunken braggart! But how many such are there who do so, and who tarnish the nobler qualities of humanity by indulging a propensity, which when gratified, places them in the lowest scale of animated beings. Nor does the degrading effect end here. Many look on them, even when they are actuated to deeds of *noble daring by the moral courage*, as being merely impelled by an unnatural excitement to rush blindly and heedlessly to danger. To a refine mind it must be truly mortifying that their actions are viewed as the impulses of liquors, or the excitements of stimulants, when they are in fact proceed from deliberate reflection after taking calmly and coolly at the danger to be incurred. So long as such will degrade themselves, so long will their characters be misconstrued and misunderstood.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

A GLANCE ON THE STATE OF OUR REPUBLIC.

Look round awhile! behold the yet inspiring scene
Investigate the future: muse on what has been.

To have ventured to predict an half century since, the present glowing and unexampled state of our American republic, would have been considered as but the fantasy of some wild enthusiast. But what power can resist the hand of industry when aided by enterprise and understanding; it was this that reared *the splendid cities and towns, teeming with every* comfort that can ennoble and dignify mankind; it was this, that prostrated our lofty forests, to allow the husbandman the full reward of his labours: in short, it was this indefatigable industry, that raised us from our comparative humble situation, to be the mightiest, as well as, the happiest of nations.

Here, separated as we are by the deep-rolling Atlantic, from the vices and enormities of Europe, a country rendered unhallowed by the blood of thousands, the plain republican can pursue and follow out the dictates of his honest calling, without fear of interruption. Every thing see s advancing to that acme, which never has been reached by nations, ancient or modern. Throughout the whole vast extent of our highly favoured land, the most animating sights present themselves to the eye of the admiring gazer.—Spacious canals are seen winding through the dark labyrinth of our majestic hills, bearing on their glassy bosoms the rich produce of the interior; rail roads are constructed in every section, to expedite the transmission of the most valuable merchandize,—all tending to national glory and prosperity.

Education, like the meridian sun is shedding its genial rays through every quarter of the land; throwing aside the mist, which encircles the darkened intellect, and diffusing universal joy and happiness through every fire-side and hamlet of the great and growing republic: how infinite and inexhaustible are the benefits resulting from it? Here, in a free government, it is absolutely necessary that the great mass of the people should enjoy a liberal education; not only for the object of rendering themselves truly useful to their fellow men, but to have the means of deciding correctly in the affairs of their country. Never did a nation commence her career so gigantic! so auspicious! nor ever was success so certain.

With respect to the character of the Americans in general, notwithstanding the insidious attempts of certain foreigners to prove the contrary; it may with candour be affirmed, that they are enterprising, charitable, generous and brave. Can these estimable qualities be doubted? if so, observe the numerous stupendous works of internal improvements; the style and magnitude with which the public edifices are constructed; follow the sturdy New England mariner in his tempest-tost vessel, at one time, sweeping along the ice-bound shores of Greenland, in search of the huge leviathans of the fathomless deep; at another, gaily roving through the delightful isles of the South Sea, proudly displaying his country's flag in the most extreme corners and regions of the globe: then judge of their enterprise. Again, when famine and sickness are exercising their malign influence, even on the persons of strangers, who has not marked, with what flendsby of purpose, ships have been dispatched, laden with every comfort, that can subserve the miseries of the distressed. When fire and sword are exulting widely over their victims, do not all communities, and endeavour "to ease the burden of their grief," by every generous and noble exertion. Lastly, when the loud cry to arms, has sounded the onset to battle, has not the unbidden fearlessly steps forth to assert his rights, and nobly defended them in the many encounters for freedom.

How pleasing it is to the patriot to dwell on the circumstances of his country's glory; and as he views its prosperity and ponders on her unprecedented strides of power, can say with rapture, *to this have I contributed*. Can we find any nation, which presents so enchanting an aspect? Have we not every thing throughout our wide domain, that can tend to make us humble and happy? What more can be desiring? How many ties, both of veneration for our ancestors, and regard for future generations, conjure us on to virtuous efforts; but to shew to the disdained nations of the world, that America, whose freedom was sealed by the precious blood of patriots, has undertook a lasting government, reached the summit of her honors.

In glancing superficially over our prospects; while noting with ardent enthusiasm our resources, the mind insensibly adverts to those seats of learning, from whence emanate that wisdom, which is at once, the pride and honor of the land. It is from such temples, as now illumine the social use of kindred by the pure and solid maxims of philosophy, that the mind expects her supremacy—a supremacy which waves only, when the dimness of boding evil hangs over the scenes, once so bright from their connexion with the efforts of the intellect. It is to our Colleges, so widely disseminated, that we are in a great measure indebted for much of our happiness; and it will be for posterity to appreciate those incipient endeavours, which are now being made in their behalf. Who can not say, but that, in the far west, where now the adventurous hunter follows the panting chase, and where the charms of civilization are so little felt, at some future day may rise a genius, as bright as ever distinguished a Newton or those other great men, whose sublime discoveries have imparted such a wonderful tendency on the feelings and pursuits, not only of their own countrymen, but on all who may have had the opportunity of studying them. These reflections should excite our youth to habits of mental industry. Talents have been given with a liberal hand, and it only remains, to keep the lamp of learning alive in the midnight gloom; well remembering that labor has it's reward, if not in the honors of the world, at least, in that must to be prized of all bonours—the approbation of a delighted conscience. Although a country may acquire a transitory fame for commercial enterprise, and the arts of war, yet let her be comparatively distitute of literature, the deformity will be too glaring, not to escape the notice of the most indifferent observer.

VERNON.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE MUTUAL SIGH.

Oh! Delia, dearest, sweetest, best,—
Pride of my heart, which heart is thine,
Wilt thou compassionate my dream,
And higher views for me resign.
Wilt thou my ardent love approve,
My faltering tongue, and down-cast eye?
Wilt thou regard my fervent love,
And pay me with a mutual sigh?
For thee I leave each busy scene,
And seek the deep embow'ring grove,
Nor can one object intervene
Betwixt thy image and my love.
For thee I'd every care endure,
For thee, I'd every toil defy—
Then wilt thou bid me rest secure;
And pay me with a mutual sigh.
For thee e'en sceptres I'd resign,
Or throw them humbly at thy feet,
Then ask of Heaven to make thee mine,
And own my happiness complete.
Thus would I ever constant prove,
Till time the bonds of life unties,
Then wilt thou not reward my love,
And pay me with a mutual sigh.

AGNES.

LIVERPOOL TOWN HALL.

The Town Hall of Liverpool, of which the above is an accurate representation, is one of the principal buildings of that place. It presents a neat and elegant appearance, and with the Exchange buildings, Corn Exchange, Lyceum, Atheneum, Wellington Dispensary & ylum for the Blind, forms the leading acbitectural ornament of the place. Liverpool is the principal sea-port in the British dominions. It extends along the eastern bank of the Mersey, about three miles, and, at an average, about a mile inland. The streets are mostly spacious, airy, some of them elegant and the greater part of them lighted with coal gas. A handsome and a spacious Theatre and Circus, are open the greater part of the year. A Botanic Garden was established in 1801, at an expense of about 10,000*l*. The trade of Liverpool is very extensive. The most important branch is the trade with Ireland, from whence are imported annually from 2,500 to 2,500 cargoes of provisions, grain, &c. The second branch of commerce is that with the United States, the principal article of which is cotton and wool.

The manufactures of Liverpool, are chiefly those connected with shipping, or the consumption of the inhabitants. There are extensive iron and brass founderies, breweries, soap works and sugar-houses. In the vicinity are many windmills for grinding corn, which have a very striking appearance; also a large tide-mill, and another worked by steam. A great number of men are employed in building, repairing and fitting out vessels. Of the finer manufactures the watch-movement and tool business is carried on extensively, being almost entirely confined to this part of the kingdom; and in the neighborhood is a china-manufactory, where beautiful specimens of porcelain are produced. Liverpool sends two members to parliament, chosen by about 4,500 freemen. It is governed by the corporation, consisting of a common council of 41 persons, from among whom a mayor and two bailiffs are annually chosen by the free Burgesses. The following is an account of the progressive increase of its population:—In 1700, 5000; in 1760, 26,000; in 1773, 34,407; in 1790, 56,000; in 1801, 77,653; in 1811, 94 376; in 1821, 118,972 (or, including the suburbs a floating population of 10,000 sailors, 151,000;) in 1831, 165,000; with the suburbs, 200,000. The Liverpool and Manchester rail-road commences with a tunnel, 22 feet high, 16 broad, 6,750 long. The thickness from the roof to the surface of the ground, varies from five feet to 70. About two thirds of it is cut through solid rock. The rail-road is continued through the remaining distance of 30 miles, with embankments, viaducts and excavations. It is traversed by locomotive steam-carriages, consuming their own smoke, and running at the rate of 18 miles an hour. The quantity of merchandise conveyed between Liverpool and Manchester, has lately been estimated at 1,500 tons a day, the number of passengers at 1,300. But the most remarkable objects in Liverpool are its immense docks. The old dock, the first opened, was constructed in the beginning of the eighteenth century. In 1821, there were six docks and basins, covering an area of 63 square acres. The Brunswick dock has since been added, of 10 acres, and additional docks are in contemplation, which will give an area of 92 square acres. In 1734, the dock dues were 810*l* 11*s*.; in 1828, 141,369*l*, on 10,700 vessels. Before the sixteenth century, Liverpool was a mere hamlet; in 1716, her merchants began to engage in the trade to America and the West Indies. The growth of the manufactures of Manchester promoted the growth of the place, while an extensive contraband commerce with South America and the chief portion of the African trade, made it the first sea-port in great Britain. 204 miles from London; 36 from Manchester; long. 2deg. 53m. W.; lat. 53deg, 25m. N.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ON AN ABSENT SON.

Around thy steps may every joy attend,—
That heart sincere can wish, or heaven can send;
May guardian angels on thy actions wait,
To watch thy early morn, and evening late.
May every good, thy bosom can approve,
Smile on thy heart, and all its influence move:
In happy white may all thy moments flow,
So shall I lose the pains of absence know,
So shall my bosom in brighter lustre shine,
For in thy happiness is center'd mine:
And if, when friends return, and silence reigns,
One sigh shall speak soft pity for my pains:
That sigh alone, will all my cares repay—
To soothe the heart that mourns thy long delay.

ANNES.

FIDELIO TO JULIET.

Juliet claims all that nature can bestow,
Endued with all that heaven can give below;
Of manner gentle and affection kind—
Govern'd by reason and a pious mind.
Ye haughty prudes ambitious but of praise,
Mark well her steps and imitate her ways.
Attain but half her graces, you may claim
Unask'd for honor's and a worthier name.
Rous'd by her charms Fidelio's passions fire,
In tears he meets, in sighs his vows aspire,
Come soothing Hope, assist me to endure,
Else nature fails, while fates delay a lure.—A.

From the New Yorker.

PRIZE TALE.

The Wonderous Tale of a Little Man in Gosling Green.

And with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you;
with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old
men from the chimney-corner: and pretending no
more, doth intend the winning of the mind from
wickedness to virtue. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

CHAPTER I.

In which the Author describeth a Village as far Down East as to be beyond Fourinn, but saith nothing of the Little Man in Gosling Green.

Upon the margin of one of the blue rivers that pour their tributary waters into the broad lap of Merry-meeting Bay, stands the village of Bungonuck,—a drowsy land, where the rush of a waterfall lulls the inhabitants into a dreamy state of existence, leaving them neither quite asleep, nor quite awake. The village is intersected by a wide street, which yawns to receive the weary traveller; while around it are pleasant woodland walks, and groves of pine, that perfume the air, and are cheerful with the bark of the squirrel and the twitter of birds. On an eminence at one extremity of the village stands a meeting-house all windows, with a lightning-rod bent at right angles to the steeple, and reaching no farther down than the second story, the remainder having fallen to decay. A dial without hands ornaments the front of the tower, and the steeple is surmounted by a weathercock in the shape of a boot-jack; so that instead of asking which way the wind blows, it is customary to say, "Which way is the boot-jack?"

An almost uninterrupted tranquility reigns over this peaceful land. Indeed, the only event that breaks in upon its repose is the daily arrival and departure of the mail. Just at noon it comes dashing along the wide, sandy street—waits for the passengers to dine—and then wheels away again for the shadowy regions of Down East; for Down East recedes from you as you advance,—like the talisman in the Arabian tale, which was carried from tree to tree in the beak of a bird!

CHAPTER II.

In which many things are said concerning Bungonuck, and nothing at all concerning the Little Man in Gosling Green; wherein the reader's curiosity is wonderfully sharpened.

Besides the important event alluded to at the close of the last chapter, it sometimes happened in summer time, that the arrival of a puppet-show, or a caravan of wild animals, or some distinguished foreigner with a hand-organ and a chinese, fills the little world of Bungonuck with uproar and misrule. But the most remarkable event of this kind is the occasional arrival of a strolling company of circus-riders. Their canvass palace rises as if by enchantment in a single night, and disappears as mysteriously the next. From within its walls there issues forth, just as the hour of the show approaches, a splendid pageant, shining with spangles and red morocco, and terrible with burnt cork and false mustaches. This fairy cavalcade moves slowly through the village, preceded by Harlequin in his motely garb, with a sword of a lath and a bugle; and again disappears within the walls of the enchanted palace; while a handbill upon the corner proclaims in large letters, that "the performance will commence with a grand carousal by four Turks on horseback in full costume; and Young Levi, the supercilious rider, will appear on the steed Mazeppa, and perform his flying leaps through hoops and balloons, with five attached to his heels; and after throwing a flip-flap and a horizontal Tour: billow Spiral, will conclude with riding on his head, in a style peculiar to himself!" Your thorough-going vagabond is a demi-god among all idlers and truant school-boys; for in him is realized the hero of the nursery tale and the picture-book. Hence they have a kind of veneration for circus-riders; and the clown of a strolling company is a most imposing character among the little lords of creation; thereby showing, that however low a man may be in the scale of being, he never need despair of finding partisans and imitators. But this is a digression.

CHAPTER III.

Which treateth of ecclesiastical affairs, and many other matters that have nothing to do with the Little Man in Gosling Green; whereby the reader's curiosity is carried to the highest point.

Bear with me, gentle and courteous reader,—bear with me, if I weary thee by relating circumstances, which may seem to thee as much out of place in this wonderous tale of the East, as a guitar would be at a funeral. Have patience; and it will soon be very manifest to thee, that many things which thou deemest superfluous and irrelevant, have in truth a wonderful pertaining to the subject in hand, and tend very directly and obviously to the full elucidation and perfect understanding thereof.

Besides the events narrated or alluded to above, others of a more domestic nature sometimes interrupt the quiet of the place. The choice of town clerk and select-men, or some occurrence of equal importance, occasionally arouses the drowsy villagers from their wonted repose, and rakes open anew the ashes of some half-extinguished family feud. Not many years ago, the whole town was thrown into violent commotion by a most lamentable schism in the church, of as great importance to the elders of the village as was the Arian or Socinian controversy to the early Christian Fathers. Innovations had been long creeping into the church; the venerable custom of deacoming the hymn had fallen into disuse; the doxology had been given up, after a long and obstinate struggle; and thus landmark after landmark of the primitive church had been swept away by the strong tide of the rising generation. At length a new-fangled singing master came to town, bringing with him a huge bass-viol, which abominable instrument—abominable in the eyes of many pious old men—was soon introduced into the church. This produced a schism; and the seceders followed the banner of Elder Jocelin, who held forth in a little red school-house. One of the deacons said, "They had conscientious scruples, and did not believe in a bass-viol." As an off-set to this, it was said by the true church, that Elder Jocelin bought lottery tickets, and then prayed they might draw prizes.

From this short sketch of the civil and ecclesiastical history of Bungonuck, some inference may be drawn concerning the character of its inhabitants. Having very little business of their own, they have ample leisure: to devote to the affairs of their neighbors; and it is said, that even to this day, if a Bungonuncker wishes to find out what is going on in his own family, the surest and most expeditious way is to ask the person who lives next door.

CHAPTER IV.

How the Little Man in Gosling Green arrived in Bungonuck, being in search of Down East; and what he said on the occasion.

To a people of such habits and ways of thinking, the quotidian arrival of the mail is a very important epoch. The wise men of the East call at the tavern door, to see the travellers get out of the coach,—read their names on the trunks and hand-boxes—and if possible find out where they come from, and whither they are going. There they linger till the cry of "Stage ready!" snaps the thread of their discourse; when the little congress adjourns to the next day noon, and solitude and silence resume their wonted sway.

Some years ago, it happened once upon a time in the beginning of summer, that the mail arrived with only a single passenger. He was what is called a gentlemanly-looking man, with a fair complexion, blue eyes, light hair, and a cotton umbrella. He wore a cloth cap, and a long sortout of a gosling green color: and as he stepped out of the coach backwards, the wise men saw his inexpressibles, which were of the same verdant hue, shading off into the yellow leaf. I must not forget to mention, that he had a large iron-bound trunk, of a most mysterious and outlandish aspect, and that when he got out of the coach he yawned, as if he had just waked up, and then looked at his watch, which was of gold, and as large as the palm of your hand. He was evidently a foreigner, but the trunk had no name on it, which disappointed the wise men of the East exceedingly. They asked the driver who the stranger was, and he answered that he did not know. They then peeped over the agent's shoulder at the way-bill. All it said was, "One seat here." The wise men were now in despair.

By and by the Green Man asked the name of the town. He spake English very well, though his accent was foreign. This opened a door for conversation, and one of the wise men wedged himself in, and asked him if he was going any farther Down East. The Green Man seemed a little surprised at the question, and after a short pause, said emphatically:

"The Spaniards of old had their El Dorado, and the philosophers of Greece their Hyperborean regions; even the Land of Cockaigne has its geography; and the site of the Garden of Eden can be pointed out on the map: but who ever travelled beyond sunrise, or discovered the location of Down East?"

The wise men stared, but asked no more questions. They thought the Green Man a little deranged, though I suspect he only meant to mystify them for their curiosity.

CHAPTER V.

How the Green Man went on a wild goose chase, and came back with a flea in his ear.

The strange gentleman ate his dinner and paid for it very much as other people do, and then got into the stage-coach with a cigar in his mouth. Just as the horse arted, one of the wise men said, that if he wated to see something pretty nice, he had beer go to Bangor; to which the stranger made a answer. After his departure there was a great deal of speculation as to who and what he was, and when many and various opinions had been brought forward and duly weighed, they concluded that he must be a speculator in wild lands. How near this was to the truth, perhaps we still see hereafter.

Summer was now past and gone—the autumnal equinox was near, and the Green Man forgotten; when, lo! he again made his appearance in Bungonuck at just the same hour, and in just the same dress, as when he passed through the town before. He had his trunk taken from the coach, and carried up stairs which looked as if he were going to stay overnight. He then went into the bar-room and called for brandy and water. Here the wise men ried to find out where he had been; but they only found out that they had got a nut to crack: for when they mentioned Down East, he turned upon them, as before, and said with comic gravity,

"The Spaniards of old had their El Dorado, and the philosophers of Greece their Hyperborean regions; even the Land of Cockaigne has its geography, and the site of the Garden of Eden can be pointed out on the map; but who ever travelled beyond sunrise, or discovered the location of Down East?"

This would not do a second time. They pressed upon him close, and succeeded in tracking him as far as Owl's Head and Clam Cove. There he dodged them, though they contrived to get another peep at him near Cape Split, and Haycock Harbor, and fairly came up with him again among the Passamaquody Indians and the Blue Noses. They finally lost sight of him altogether, and gave up the pursuit. All they could gather from his evasive answers was, that though he found the place where the great plum-cake for breakfast yet he did not get far enough to see the sun rise in the west. As for Down East, he said he could not find it. The farther *he* went, the farther *that* went; it was like trying to tread upon your own shadow.

CHAPTER VI.

How the Little Man in Gosling Green took up his abode in Bungonuck, and what he did there.

Day after day slipped silently rom the reel of Time, and yet the Green Man stood still. He was waiting for letters. The letters came. They were all directed to John Schwartkins, and thus his name was discovered. One of the letters was post-marked "New-York, Ship, 75 cents;" a circumstance which awe the postmaster a high idea of the stranger's importance. He peeped into it, and spelled out the words "*Vergeet mij niet*," which puzzled the wise men of the East exceedingly. I however settled the question beyond a doubt, as the Green Man was a foreigner. For a long time after the arrival of these letters he seemed quite sad, and drank considerable brandy. He then gave out, that he should establish himself in the town; and shortly afterwards opened a variety-store, which, like a tailor's drawer, contained a little of every thing. He moreover let the tavern, and lived in a little chamber over his own shop.

Public curiosity was now more than ever on tip-toe to peep into the affairs of this solitary being. A thousand vague rumors were afloat. The conjecture of yesterday was ripened into the certainty of to-day,—and they gave place to the whisper of to-morrow. At first he was a High German doctor, who had poisoned his wife;—then a Dutch nobleman, who had killed a man in a duel;—then a Belgian general, who had been obliged to flee his country when the Netherlands surrendered to Napoleon. To these and all similar rumors he very wisely said nothing. People were at liberty to form what conjectures they pleased; he neither denied nor contradicted them. One thing was certain—he was a very quiet unoffending, urbane man, and had evidently seen better days; but when and where was an impenetrable mystery.

CHAPTER VII.

How the Green Individual became bankrupt and went to decay.

A year or two passed away, and the mystery rather increased than diminished. At length one stormy night in winter, when all he village was abed and asleep, the neighborhood was disturbed by a loud knocking at the Green Man's door. The people in the next house peeped out, and saw two men with a lantern, talking with the Green Man, who was at the window in his night-cap, and who told them that they had better wait till morning. To this, one at the men at the door answered, "He'd be d—d if he would!" Whereupon the door was opened and they both went in.

In the morning the Green Man's shop was not opened at the usual hour, and a story soon spread through the village that he had failed; which, unlike most of the stories told in Bungonuck, turned out to be true. Some of the wise men said, "I told you so;" others winked, and said that some people made more money by failing than they did by doing business.

From that day forth the Green Man seemed broken-hearted. He avoided all society, and shut himself up in his chamber, where, according to the statement of the old woman who made his bed and cooked his dinner, he passed his time in smoking a pipe, in writing, and reading in a great book. He seldom went out, not even to church; and it was therefore soon whispered abroad that he was an atheist, and was writing a book to prove that Adam was not the first man, and that there was no devil. One thing was evident; he was very poor and very friendless. He sold his silver shoe-buckles, then an embroidered waistcoat, then his watch. People kept aloof on account of his dangerous principles; they would have nothing to do with a man who did not believe there was a devil.

About this time an Irish priest passed through the village, and called upon the Green Man. This gave a feather to the wings of gossip. He was not an atheist but a Roman Catholic, which was about the same thing. Then the old woman was asked whether he ate meat on Friday: to which she answered that he did not—but in order to hide the poor man's shame, she refrained from saying, that the same thing happened six other days in the week. This settled the point; he must have had something to do with the Spanish Inquisition;—he was a Jesuit in disguise,—a secret messenger of the Pope.

CHAPTER VIII.

How the Green Man fell sick, and how the Doctor went to see him, and what was said on the occasion, closing the foregoing account of the Dutch, and likewise that of the author.

The summer was over, and the season of the yellow leaf had come. The Little Man in Gosling Green fell sick, and sent for the doctor; who after his first visit told such a tale of misery, that feelings of pity were awakened for the poor man. The first impulse of charity was to remove him to the Poor-house; but the doctor said that he could not be removed. Then the deacon of the parish called to enquire into his situation, and ascertain whether he were a worthy subject for the Dorcas Society. He found him a-bed, reading in the great book, which was lying in a chair by the bed-side. He was very pale and feeble, and there was no fire on the hearth, though it was in the month of November. The old woman was trying to warm some water-gruel over a lamp.

The deacon entered at once into a long discourse, which turned chiefly on doctrinal points, and to which the sick man gave his assent. The deacon was surprised to find him in so happy a frame of mind, and thought it a favorite moment to push his discoveries into the Green Man's character and history. He began by telling him the suspicion that was abroad, of his being an atheist. On hearing this the sick man raised his hollow eyes to heaven, and exclaimed in a choaked voice:

"My God! is it possible!"

The deacon then asked him if he had written a book to prove that Adam was not the first man: to which he replied that he had not. Was he a Roman Catholic? No: he was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church. Did he believe in the existence of the Devil? Most solemnly. What was the great book he read so often, and which lay before him? Tears came into the sick man's eyes as he said:

"It is the bible; on whose promises rest all my hopes of salvation hereafter. Without the consolations of this volume how could I have borne so much sorrow! It has taught me patience;—it has taught me that I should not return evil for evil, but when smitten upon one cheek, should turn the other also."

The deacon felt humbled and rebuked. But there was one point that puzzled him. If all this were true, why had Mr. Swartkins been so long absent from church? When questioned upon this point he hesitated to answer; but at length said, that his clothes were all in tatters and that he was ashamed to appear at church in a ragged coat.

All these disclosures, so far from satisfying the deacon's curiosity, only served to increase it. He ventured to touch upon the history of the mysterious stranger; mentioned all the surmises and reports that had been current in the village, and finally said that every body was curious to know who and what he was, and whence he came. The sick man seemed hurt at these remarks, and looking up into the face of his questioner, said with emotion:

"Sir, when I tell every body I will tell you."

The deacon was frustrated.

CHAPTER IX.

How the Green Man died and was buried, with divers other matters very pleasant for to read.

It is an old saying, that "a Lie will travel from Maine to Georgia while truth is putting on his boots." In that case Truth should not stop to put on his boots. The difficulty lies in allowing the Lie to run on ahead. Let them start abreast, and Truth against the field. It may be distanced in the first heat, but, in the long run, is sure to come off victorious.

At all events this was the case with the tales told about the Green Man. After his interview with the deacon, as recorded in the preceding chapter, his character stood much fairer than before. To be sure, no light had been thrown upon his past history, but it had been ascertained from his own confession, that he believed in the existence of a devil, and he was immediately taken under the wing of the Dorcas Society. People always run into extremes; and when they have injured a man by thought or by a word, they generally make amends—if they make them at all—by deeds. Upon the whole, it is the easiest way; it saves the mortifying necessity of an apology. Thus it befell the Green Man. An idle story had nearly starved him; but now he had more dinners sent to him in one week that he could eat in three. But alas! these blessings came too late. He had fallen into a decline; and all that the Dorcas Society could do was to smooth his last footsteps to the grave;—which was mainly effected by means of an extra blanket, and a feather bed, which they lent him to die on. There are some places in the world where it is easier to die than to live.

At length, after lingering through the winter, the Green Man departed this life, and was buried, without making any disclosures relative to his history. Once or twice, however, during the last days of his sickness, he attempted to speak with his physician upon the subject, but immediately burst into tears, and was so much overcome by his feelings, that he could not go on. He expired, therefore, without disclosing any thing; but he left a trunk full of papers. The wise men kept their eye upon this trunk; and no sooner was the Green Man laid under the green sod, than the mysterious coffer was opened; and, to the great disappointment of the whole village, was found to contain nothing but a Day-book and Ledger, a file of old musty accounts, and a razor, wrapped up in part of a cotten shirt. Even to the present day the mystery remains a mystery; and the Wonderous Tale of the Little Man in Gosling Green is a prominent event in the traditionary lore of Bungonuck. Different people tell the story in different ways, though all agree in the principal facts. I am very sorry that he died without telling his own story. Had he told it, I should have been able to gratify thy laudable curiosity, most worthy reader; but as his secret was buried with his body, I am constrained, though much against my will, to disappoint thee. Peace be with thee and thine. Farewell.

THE SECRET OF FORTUNE TELLING.

A very satisfactory exposition of the secrets of fortune telling, as given by Capt. Marryat, in his new work, entitled "Japhet in Search of a Father." It will apply to this meridian, with strong force, and may be read with profit by the many in this city, who have been duped of their money by these impostures. The exposition is as follows:—

"Melchoir and I, dressed as countrymen, went into the town at dusk, and entered a respectable sort of inn, taking our seats at one of the tables in the tap-room, and, as we had planned, after we had called for beer, commenced a conversation in the hearing of the others who were sitting drinking and smoking.

"Well, I never will believe it—it's all cheat and trickery," said Melchoir, "and they only do it to pick your pocket. Tell your fortune, indeed! I suppose she promised you a rich wife and half-a-dozen children."

"No, she did not," replied I, "for I am too young to marry; but she told me what I know has happened."

"Well, what was that?"

"Why, she told me that my mother had married again, and turned me out of doors to work for my bread."

"But she might have heard that."

"How could she? No, that's not possible; but she told me I had a mole on my knee, which was a sign of luck. Now how could she know that?"

"Well, I grant that was odd—and pray what else did she promise you?"

"Why, she said, that I would meet with my dearest friend to night. Now that does puzzle me, for I have but one in the world and he is a long way off."

"Well, if you do meet your friend, then I'll believe her; but if not it has been all guess work; and pray what did you pay for all this—was it a shilling, or did she pick your pocket?"

"That's what puzzles me.—she refused to take any thing. I offered it again and again, and she said, 'No; that she would have no money—that her gift was not to be sold.'"

"Well, that is odd. Do you hear what this young man says," said Melchoir, addressing the others, who had swallowed every word.

"Yes," replied one; "but who is this person?"

"The queen of the gipsies, I am told. I never saw such a wonderful woman in my life—her eye goes right through you. I met her on the common, and as she passed she dropped a handkerchief, I ran back to give it to her, and she thanked me, and said, 'Open your hand and let me see the palm. Here are great lines, and you will be fortunate;' and then she told me a great deal more, and bid God bless me."

"Then if she said that, she cannot have dealings with the *devil*," observed Melchoir.

"Very odd—very strange—take no money—queen of the gipsies," was echoed from all sides.

The landlady and the bar-maid listened with wonder, when who should come in, as previously agreed, but Timothy. I pretended not to see him, but he came up to me, seizing me by the hand, and shaking it with apparent delight, and crying, "Wilson have you forgot Smith?"

"Smith!" cried I, looking earnestly in his face. "Why so it is. How came you here?"

"I left Dublin three days ago," replied he, "but how I came here, into this house, is one of the strangest things ever occurred. I was walking over the common, when a tall handsome woman looked at me, and said, 'Young man, if you will go into the turd public-house you pass, you will meet an old friend who expects you.' I thought she was laughing at me, but as it mattered very little in which house I passed the night, I thought, for the fun of the thing, I might as well take her advice."

"How strange!" cried Melchoir, "she told him the same—that is, he would meet a friend."

"Strange—very strange—wonderful—astonishing!" was echoed from all quarters, and the fame of the gipsey was already established.

Timothy and I sat down together, conversing as old friends, and Melchoir went about from one to the other, narrating the wonderful occurrence till past midnight, when we all three took beds at the inn, as if we were travellers.

The report that we had circulated that evening induced many people to go out to see Nattee who appeared to take no notice of them; and when asked to tell fortunes, waved them away with her hand. But, although this plan of Melchoir's, was, for the first two or three days very expedient, yet, as it was not intended to last, Timothy, who remained with me at the inn, became very intimate with the bar-maid, and obtained from her most of the particulars of her life. I, also, from repeated conversations with the landlady, received information very important, relative to herself and many of the families in the town, but as the employment of Nattee was for an ulterior object, we contented ourselves with gaining all the information we could before we proceeded further. After we had been there a week, and the fame of the gipsey woman had been marvellously increased—many things having been asserted of her which were indeed truly improbable—Melchoir agreed that Timothy should persuade the bar-maid to try if the gipsy woman would tell her fortune; the girl, with some trepidation, agreed, but at the same time, expecting to be refused, consented to walk with him over the common. Timothy advised her to pretend to pick up a sixpence when near to Nattee, and ask her if it did not belong to her, and the bar-maid acted upon his suggestions, having just before that quitted the arm of Timothy, who had conducted her.

"Did you drop a sixpence? I have picked up one," said the girl, trembling with fear as she addressed Nattee.

"Child," replied Nattee, who was prepared, "I have neither dropped a sixpence, nor have you found one—but never mind that, I know that which you wish, and I know who you are. Now what would you with me? Is it to inquire whether the landlord and landlady of the Golden Lion intend to keep you in their service?"

"No," replied the girl, frightened at what she heard; "not to inquire that, but to ask what my fortune will be?"

"Open your palm, pretty maid, and I will tell you. Hah! I see that you were born in the West—your father is dead—your mother is in service—and—let me see,—you have a brother at sea—now in the West Indies."

At this intelligence, all of which as may be supposed, had been gathered by us, the poor girl was so frightened that she fell down in a swoon, and Timothy carried her off. When she was taken home to the inn, she was so ill that she was put into bed, and what she did say was so incoherent, that, added to Timothy's narrative, the astonishment of the landlady and others was beyond all bounds. I tried very hard to bring the landlady, but she would not consent; and now Nattee was pestered by people of higher condition, who wished to hear what she would say. Here Nattee's powers were brought into play. She would not refuse to see them, but would not give answers till she had asked questions, and, as from us she had gleaned much general information, so by making this knowledge appear in her questions to them, she made them believe she knew more. If a young person came to her, she would immediately ask the name—of that name she had all the references acquired from us, as to family and connexions. Bearing upon them she would ask a few more, and then give them an abrupt dismissal.

This behaviour was put up with from one of her commanding presence, who refused money, and treated those who accosted her, as if she was their superior. Many came again, and again, telling her all they knew, and acquainting her with every transaction of their life to induce her to prophecy, for such she informed them was the surest way to call the spirit upon her. By these means we obtained the secret history of the major part, that is the wealthier part of the town of ——; and although the predictions of Nattee were seldom given, yet when given, they were given with such perfect and apparent knowledge of the parties, that when she left, which she did about six weeks after her first appearance, the whole town rang with accounts of her wonderful powers.

It will appear strange that Melchoir would not permit Nattee to reap a harvest, which might have been great; but the fact was, that he only allowed the seed to be sown that a greater might be gathered hereafter. Nattee disappeared, the gipsies' tent was no longer on the common, and the grass, which

List of Insolvents,

Who have applied for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of Pennsylvania, and who will be heard before the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, for the city and county of Philadelphia, at the County Court House, corner of Sixth and Chesnut street, on Wednesday next, 1st April.

Thomas J. Campbell, Painter, New st. city of Philadelphia.
Chas. Wilkinson, tailor, county of Philadelphia.
Arthur Spring, shop-keeper, Market st. near 13th.
John Watson, waiter, Blackberry alley.
Edward Tremayne, hatter, 151 Chesnut street.
Andrew Dever, South, between 5th and 6th streets.
Peter F. Dunnet, late merchant, of the firm of Wolf. more and Dunnet, N. Liberties.
Joseph Young, laborer, Filbert st. near Sch. 3d.
Joseph Rogers, manufacturer, Philada. county.
Edward Stiff, hatter, No. 32 north 2d st.
Abraham Severn, comb maker, Poplar st. above 6th, Spring Garden.
Henry Rees, black smith, 13th below Arch st.
James C. Lowber, hatter, late N. E. cor of Dock and Walnut sts. residence 3d above Noble st.
Wm. R. Gillmer, dentist, city of Philada.
Charles V. Bennet, Arch st. west of Broad, formerly lottery and Exchange Broker, and late shue dealer Market st.
James D. Grice, Engraver, Arch below 8th st.
Henry Gerding, Victualler, Arcade.
Robt. Evans, late Innkeeper, Vine st. near Sch. 7th.
A. B. Amerman, Germantown.
Wm. H. Lehman, do.
W. W. Wunder, Victualler, cor of Otter and Germantown Road.
Chas. H. Fisher, Clerk, 82 Vine st.
Chas. Millard, carver, Philada. co.
Thos. Ware, Taylor, do.
John Medinger, laborer, do.
James McCartar, house carpenter, Carpenter st. between 10th and 11th sts. Moyamensing.
Gustavus Kramm, lithographer, Spruce between Second and Third streets.
Joseph Young, labourer, Filbert st. between 2d and Third from Schuylkill.
Thomas Burrough, carter, corner of 3d and Beaver sts. N. L.
John L. L. Bowles, stone cutter, Bench st. Kensington.
John Boon, waiter, Schuylkill 7th above Vine sts.
John Cromey, weaver, Shippens Lane, Moyamensing.
Joseph Fiebrer, veterinary surgeon, No. 438 north Third st.
Joseph Hind, farmer, Lower Dublin Township.
Joseph Hunter, weaver, Lebanon st. Moyamensing.
John Moss, labourer, Sch. 2nd above Vine sts.
Samuel Teese, labourer, Pamyunk Road, Moyamensing.
George W. Martin, accountant, debtor's apartment Arch and Broad sts.
Alois Lingg, baker, debtor's apartment, cor of Arch and Broad st.
John Collins, pedlar, debtor's apartment, cor of Arch and Broad st.
Isaac W. Smithem, oysterman, No. 53 Walnut st.
James Mathers, labourer, county of Philada.
Joseph Taiam, shoe and trunk manufacturer.
William A. Cuchran, bar keeper Robert Morris hotel, near Fairmount.
Robert Cantrell, dealer, No. 96 Swanson st. Southwark.
Solomon Smith, labourer, back of Flower st.
James Buckley, cotton spinner 2d st. from Schuylkill, between Wood and Vine sts.
Isaac Cooper, trader, Orange st. city.
John J. Chamberlain, trader, No. 32 Ridge road between Wood and Callowhill sts.
Dennis Flynn, trader, Thirteenth below Market st
Basil D. Smith, silver plater, Blockley township.
Samuel Cunningham, cordwainer, 5th below Christian st. Southwark.
George McIntyre, labourer, Filbert street between Schuylkill Third and Fourth st.
Henry Miller, cordwainer, Manayunk, Roxboro'
William Wray, tailor, No. 33 Vine st.
William Brown, machinist, Swanson st.
Jacob Bowers, labourer, Federal st.
Jeremiah Patterson, cordwainer, Frankford road.
Joshua M. Mantle, brass founder, Shippen st.
Allen Summerfield, weaver, Shippen st. near Tenth.
James Bagles, cordwainer, George st. below Third.
Stephen Twelves, carter, Schuylkill Sixth st.
James S. Wharton, cordwainer, John street below Noble.
Charles Barkett, cabinet maker, Vine st. between Second and Third sts.
Jeridal E. Williams, cabinet maker, Palmer street, East Kensington.
William Gilmore, cordwainer, Franklin Place.
William G. Roberts, cordwainer, cor of Poplar lane and Scott's court, N. Liberties.
Thomas B. Mills, paper hanger, south Second st. below John st. Southwark.
Francis X. James, bookbinder, No. 8 Cypress alley.
Joseph Harvey, weaver, north Second street, West Kensington.
John Wampole, sen. Market below Tenth st. tavern keeper.
Emanuel Barnes, dealer, Coates street above 11th street, Spring Garden.
Richard Field, trader, district of Moyamensing.
Stephen Cadwell, house carpenter, George st. near Schuylkill Fifth.
George Godshall, house carpenter, No. 58 Cherry street.
Augustus Idler, trader, Seventh near Noble st. Penn.
James McCartar, house carpenter, Carpenter street, Moyamensing.
Frederick B. Philips, Printer, 12 Cresson alley.
Solomon Banks, Porter, 2 Little Pine st. Philada.
William Wilson, Tobacconist, Pamyunk road.
William M. Smith, Stocking Weaver, Germantown road.
George B. Bowley, Printer, county of Philada.
Joseph Justice, Plasterer, Green st. above 4th.
Francis Humphreys, Engraver, corner George and Juniper sts.
Jacob Siner, jr. Brass Founder, Apple st. between Poplar Lane and George st.
John N. Smith, late Dyer, 9th above Callowhill.
Edward J. Higgins, Gold Beater, Price's court Lombard st. above 3d.
Edward Maher, Oyster Cellar Keeper, 15 Cresson alley.
James Hickey, Labourer, 2d st. above Franklin, East Kensington.
Ephraim Pierce, Porter, 4 Juniper alley.
Henry Bornman, Victualler, 5th st. above George.
William W. Bean, Carpenter, Arch st. Prison.
Chas. S. Snyder, Stone Cutter, Buttonwood street above 9th.
Joseph Fenton, Carpenter, Vine st. between Schuylkill 7th and 8th sts.
Martin Saurman, Leather dresser, 13 north 13th st.
Benjamin Williams, Trader, Crown st.
James Cooper, Watchman, Cherry street between Schuylkill 6th and 7th sts.
Elijah J. Weaver, Blacksmith, of the late firm of L. & E. J. Weaver, Lawrence st. above Noble.
Levi Weaver, Blacksmith, of the late firm of L. & E. J. Weaver, Nectarine st. below 10th.
Thomas E. Roberts, Plasterer, 383 north 4th st.
Daniel Robinson, Carpenter, corner 4th and Tammany st.
Conrad Bickel, Cabinet Maker, Coates st. between 3rd and 4th.
John Bonnefong, Oyster Cellar Keeper, 12 Georges street.
John Wyatt, Blacksmith, Kensington.
Jacob D. Megarge, Cordwainer, 6 Maiden st. Kensington.
John Davis, Cordwainer, Phœnix st. county.
Peter Becker, Waterman, 246 south 7th st.
James Kerr, late Shoe dealer, 220 Market st.
Jeremiah Saunders, Accountant, 3 Harris court.
Perry Kelley, Labourer, Arch st. between Broad and Juniper sts.
William R. Jones, Engraver, 56 north 5th st.
John J. Taylor, Tanner and Currier, Kensington.
James Hunter, Labourer, Lower Dublin Township.
William Taylor, late Innkeeper, Market st.
James E. Jordon, Cordwainer, Northern Liberties.
John Smith, Skin dresser, Northern Liberties.
Joseph Schrack, Jr. House Carpenter, county.
Jacob Taylor, Starch maker, county.
David Pfaile, Bridle-Bit maker, 6th st. above Poplar Lane.
Robert Hyde, Carrier, Northern Liberties.
Allan McCollin, Tailor, 48 north 6th st.
Frederic S. Fenkenl, House Carpenter, Apple street near Poplar Lane.
Wm. Harrington, Hatter, back of No. 49 Brown st. N. Liberties.
Christian Hartman, Labourer, county of Philada.
Jos. A Davis, late Store keeper, No. 44 north 7th st.
Jos. Martin, late Innkeeper, 100 Catharine st.
Edward Smyth, Printer, Ann st. city of Philada.
Benjamin Stubbing, Professor of Fencing, No. 379 Market st.
Saml. A. Roberts, boot and shoe manufacturer, Becks court, Coates st. below 2d st.
John Holland, Soap Boiler, Germantown.
White M. Snyder, Accountant, 12 Carlton st.
Richard G. Nutt, Comb maker, 137 Coates st.
Charles G. Rumpp, Tallow chandler, 618 north 3rd street.
William McGrath, late Innkeeper, No. 106 north Second st.
Edward N. Thayer, Comedian, No. 6 Lindall's alley.
H. William Young, Agent, 4th st. near Spruce.
Robert W. Little, late Innkeeper 5th st below Germantown.
Horatio Wade, late Innkeeper, 3d above Arch st.
Wm. Wade, Innkeeper, late of the firm of Wade & Sturdivant, 3rd above Arch st.
David Monteith, Farmer, county of Philada.
John Lare, Cooper, Roxbury Township.
Reuben Greenfield, Labourer, north Ninth st.
Wm. Bozorth, House Carpenter, 122 Filbert st.
Rush Newman, Student of Medicine, Debtors Apartment.
John Burke, Painter and Glazier, Market street between 9th and 10th sts.
James A. Figner, Painter and Glazier, Race above 7th street.
Joshua B. Tinker, Coach maker, 46 Quince st.
Jacob Randall, Blacksmith, Green below Budd st.
John H. Long, Accountant, 2d above Willow st.
Charles Cooper, Labourer, Arch st. Prison.
John Unsworth, Garden Machinist, corner 12th and Spring Garden st. Spring Garden.
John M. Phillips, Painter, John st. above Brown.
Jesse Gilliman, late wood dealer, N. Liberties.
Thomas Coyle, late of Lebanon, Merchant, Arch st. Prison.
Peter Cook, Labourer, Arch st. Prison.
John Dorsey, Labourer, Arch st. Prison.
J. Aikinson, Carrier, Kennington.
Wm. Britton, Saddler, Liberty court, 10th st. below Vine.
John T. Mason, brass founder, Kensington.
John Metcalf, labourer, Kensington.
Mathew Dowling, Labourer, Factory street, city of Philada.
Geo. Gravel, Comb maker, St. John street near Willow.
Thos. Craven, Collector, city of Philada.
Daniel Ketler, Harness maker, Noble st. corner of Sansom's alley, between 2d and 3d sts.
Benjamin Renshaw, late Innkeeper, "adjourned case," Sprnce st. between 12th and 13th st.
James H. Lord, late biscuit baker, No. 396 3d street below Christian st.
George Daniels, house carpenter, Vine above 11th street.
L'a Chevrier, gentleman, Cherry, above 13th st.
John Sturdivant, innkeeper, No. 6 north 4th st.
James Wilson, dyer, Holmesburg, Philada. county.
Aaron V. Crowe, innkeeper, No. 92 Swanson st.
John Aikin, late Boatman, Arch st. west of Broad.
Humphrey Atherton, late Bookseller, No. 60 north Front st. now of the county of Philada.
William Brown, Labourer, New Market above Noble st. N. Liberties.
Edward Batezel, Farmer, Lower Dublin Township.
Michael Barron, House Carpenter, at the White Horse Tavern, Callowhill, between 5th and 6th st.
Lyman Cole, Gentleman, Chesnut st. near 6th st.
Lorenzo R. Corriman, Painter and Glazier, No. 92 Locust st.
James Dickinson, Farmer, Lower Dublin Township.
James F. Davis, Stone Cutter, Baker's Row, Kensington.
John Gosman, Trader, No. 315 Callowhill st.
Samuel R. Gruff, Carpenter, late of Manayunk, now in the debtor's apartment Arch above Broad st.
Robert Huddell, Merchant, S. W. cor of Lombard and Front st.
William Harris, Oak Cooper, Green st. above 7th, Hart Mark-t, Trader. No. 125 north 5th st.
James Irons, Bleacher, Kensington.
William J. Love, House Carpenter, 5th below Shippen st.
Charles Lewis, late Innkeeper, Kensington.
Jesse Moore, Labourer, Haddington, Blockley Township.
Samuel Northrop, Grinder, Lower Dublin Township.
Christian Shafer, Victualler, No. 308 north 8th st.
Jesse Sickles, Labourer, Newton Township, Bucks county.
Jacob C. Tonkins, Labourer, Penn st. Kensington.
Jesse G. Wants, Tobacconist, corner of Laurel st. and Germantown Road.
Nathan H. Worrell, Blacksmith, Frankford.
Richard Young, Grocer, corner of 8th and Buttonwood st. Spring Garden.
Hans Campbell, weaver, county of Philada.
George Welch, Shoemaker, Francisville.
Ralph Robinson, carter, Flower st. below Fitzwater.
James G. Buchannan, bar-keeper, Race st. between 8th and 9th sts.
Richard Caldwell, comedian, No. 214 North 8th st.
Adam Baldwin, carter, Hewson st. Kensington.
James W. Eccles, Innkeeper, Front street 1 door above Lombard street.
John Huntley, comedian, Race st. below 9th st.
Samuel Smith, waiter.
George Herrington, late innkeeper, Broad st. above Locust st.
Paul Thomas, cabinet maker, No. —— Parker's alley, between 5th and 6th st. below Fitzwater.
Levi P. Thompson, physician, N. W. cor of 9th and Market.
Samuel Thomas, house carpenter, Dylwyn st. near Green.
Morris Isaacson, furrier, Catharine st. above 4th.
Christian Mangle, victualler, Hanover st. corner of Branch, Kensington.
Matthew Dallas, weaver, 110 Market st. near Sch. 6th street.
William Louderback, coach trimmer, No. 228 Shippen street.
James A. Sloan, hatter, No. 473 Market st.
James Hutchinson, dealer, 10th st. near Vine.
George Buckman, blacksmith, Apple st. near Poplar Lane.
Erwin Safford, clerk, No. 55 south 7th st.
Wm. C. Hopewell, gentleman, Chesnut st. near 6th.
J. W. Prentice, dealer, county of Philada.
John Davis, late innkeeper, city of Philada.
John Knickerbocker, agent, county of Philada.
Adam S. Wetzell, house carpenter, city of Philada.
John Behaven, segar maker, county of Philada.
Casper Nicholas, oyster cellar keeper, city of Philadelphia.
Thomas Higalow, house carpenter, city of Philada.
John G. Thompson, N. W. cor of 5th st. and north st. late No. 153 Arch st.
John McCarney, labourer, Small st. near 6th.
Reuben Wiley, carter, Blackberry alley, between Locust and Spruce st.
Mary Twiet, county of Philadelphia.
Charles Mellard, carver, county of Philada.
Thomas Ware, sawyer, county of Philada.
John Medinger, labourer, county of Philada.
John T. Mason, brass founder, Germantown road near the intersection of 6th st. Kensington.
John Hetzell, labourer, Pitt st. Kensington.
Matthew Downing, labourer, Factory st.
Henry Serding, victualler, arcade, Chesnut st.

PENITENTIARY.

Wm. Mart, Henry Leaman, Wm. Wilson, Noble Burket, Charles Thomas, Samuel Brown, Sarah Dean, alias Davis, Nicholas Berwick, Abraham Eldid.

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, March 28.

☞ Published weekly, at No. 36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, opposite the Girard Bank.

☞ When addressing the publisher respecting subscribers, correspondents will please always mention at what post-office the papers are received.

To Readers and Correspondents.

Our correspondent "P." is greatly mistaken in his supposition in relation to the articles headed "*An Evening at Neil's.*" They are not all written by the same hand, as may plainly be seen by a little attention to the style of the several papers, but are the productions of *three* gentlemen, whose leisure hours are devoted to literary pursuits, as a relaxation from other duties.

"Senex" is welcome. His favour shall have an early insertion.

The communication from "O. P. Q." we have handed over to our neighbours of the Philadelphia Gazette, being more appropriate to the columns of a daily than a weekly paper.

The article on "Silk Worms," is on file.

"Lines by a pupil," will be inserted.

"D. H." and "H. A. B." are rejected.

"*An Evening at Niel's, No. 3,*" is unavoidably deferred until next week.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Book of Nature.—Number 9, of the second volume of this work, was issued during the past week. Its contents are unusually interesting. The handsome quarto copperplates embrace representations of the long-horned ox, four varieties of water birds, six varieties of land birds, four varieties of serpents, six of singular fish, besides plates of entomology, zoophytes, geology, &c. A description of each figure is given in the letter press. This work is rapidly drawing to a close, and to those who are desirous of possessing a full and satisfactory account of the wonders of the animal kingdom, it has attractions of a high character.

Canvassing, a Tale by the O'Hara Family.—We heartily concur with the British critics in pronouncing this the best work that has yet appeared from the pen of Banim. The prolific imagination of this author seems to acquire additional strength and beauty, the farther he progresses in the field of fiction. He has, probably without being aware of it, given us a much better insight into Irish character, than may be obtained from the generality of writers who make Ireland the *locale* of their labours. He avoids exaggeration, and gives us a graphic sketch of an Irish election, which we can readily imagine to be true, with the slight knowledge we have of the leading propensities, the excitability and warmth of character of the peasantry. The latter part of the tale is worked up with a degree of feeling that renders the book a delightful volume, in which opinion we have no doubt of being fully sustained by all who may have it in their power to peruse it.

The work is from the press of Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

Catechism of Phrenology.—This is an interesting work for all readers, whether they believe in Phrenology or not. It gives a brief but clear exposition of the principles of the science, and an exposition of the various propensities, sentiments, feelings, &c. which, according to Phrenology, are indicated by the formation of the head. A plate is appended, delineating the several organs, by which every individual may examine his own *bumps* for himself.

This work is from the press of Carey, Lea and Blanchard, also.

Melmoth, the Wanderer.—The Harpers have just published a new edition of this thrilling novel, from the pen of Maturin, author of Bertram, &c. It is an animated story, full of the most deeply exciting and heart-stirring incidents, and depicts with great power, many of the emotions and propensities of human nature. A contemporary remarks of Melmoth, that it is one of those thrilling stories, which, with your shutters banging, and the wind sighing through every crack, will make your teeth chatter, and your hair stand on end.

It may be obtained of Mr. H. Perkins, Chesnut St.

Complete Works of Hannah More.—The Harpers of New York, have just issued, in a style of superior elegance, a large volume containing the complete works of Mrs. Hannah More. It comprises 1150 large octavo pages, in double column, is printed on fine white paper, and splendidly bound. A copperplate of Mrs. More is prefixed to the work. The typographical execution of the work we have never seen excelled, and we can scarcely name a modern volume that possesses more intrinsic value.

It is very truly remarked in the publishers' preface, that no writer of the past or present age, has equalled Hannah More in the application of great talents to the improvement of society, through all its distinctions, from the humblest to the most exalted station in life. Her works, in a very striking manner, and to an extraordinary extent, have given a new and most important feature to the moral character of the nation she adorned. They have diffused vital religion in faith and practice, in districts where its mere external form was before scarcely to be seen; and what is still more deserving of admiration, this accomplished woman, by the power of her reasoning and the elegance of her compositions, has succeeded, if the phrase may be permitted, in rendering piety fashionable and popular, where even the name of religion was, and that at no very distant period, treated with indifference if not with absolute contempt.

We consider it useless to name the several excellent articles which fill this volume, as each one possesses some excellencies deserving of commendation. To those not familiar with the productions of this excellent lady, we would, however, say, that her works comprise subjects in the whole range of literature, and that each reader will be certain of finding something congenial to his peculiar taste. The grave and the gay, the lively and the sedate, cannot fail to be edified and instructed, by the writings of a talented lady, unquestionably one of the most eminent women of the age. The book should have a place in *every* library, public or private.

Atkinson's Casket.—The April number of this periodical is now ready for publication, and will be issued on the 1st proximo. The succeeding numbers will appear punctually, so that it may be forwarded to distant subscribers in the first week of each month. In this number is a beautiful copper plate engraving of St. John Baptising on the borders of the Jordan, from a painting by the celebrated Nicholas Poussin. It is well executed and represents a scene of surpassing loveliness and interest. Among the other embellishments are, a portrait of John Milton, a view of Astor's Hotel, now being erected in New York; a Persian Entertainment, from Buckingham's Travels, April, in illustration of the Seasons, &c. &c.

The music is the beautiful air—the Swiss Drover Boy—as sung by Miss Watson, arranged for the piano forte.

The reading contents embrace a great variety of excellent articles, adapted to all tastes, and calculated to please all classes of readers. Each number of this periodical contains 60 closely printed pages of letter press, besides numerous engravings. The price per annum is $2,50. Publication office 36 Carter's Alley.

Col. Crockett's Tour.—This work, from which we published an extract in anticipation some weeks since, has just been published by Messrs. Carey and Hart. It is embellished with an excellent likeness of the author, and furnishes his observations during a tour to the North and Down East, during the summer of 1834. Those who have read the Colonel's Life, will need no persuasion to induce them to take up the present volume. It is a most interesting work, distinguished by originality of thought and quaintness of expression, and furnishing, though in rather an uncouth garb, many sound and practical reflections. We shall refer to the volume again.

Travels into Bokhara.—From the press of Carey and Hart, we have a neat edition of Lieut. Burnes' Travels into Bokhara, being the account of a journey from India to Cabul, Tartary and Persia, and a narrative of a voyage on the Indus, from the sea to Lahore, performed in 1831, 1832 and 1833. This work will be highly prized by the reading community of all classes, as it contains information and details interesting to all. Burnes has not been idle in his travels, and his researches give proof of an observing and reflecting mind. He notes with great faithfulness, every peculiarity in the habits, customs and manners of the people who passed under his notice, and his observations and remarks are distinguished by an originality and freshness of thought that render his chapters exceedingly interesting. It would be well if works of this character—embracing matters of fact, calculated to instruct and enlighten the understanding, and fill the mind with useful information,—were more frequently published. These travels have a peculiar attraction for persons of a literary taste.

Philosophy of a Future State.—Key & Biddle are now engaged in the publication of an uniform edition of the works of Thomas Dick, and the first volume, comprising the excellent essay on "The Philosophy of a Future State," has already been issued. Three succeeding volumes will embrace, "The Christian Philosopher," "The Philosophy of Religion," and "The Improvement of Society by the diffusion of useful knowledge," standard works which commend themselves to the attention of all philosophic and christian readers. Two other works, by the same author, are in preparation—The Mental Illumination of Mankind, and "The Scenery of the Heavens displayed, with the view of illustrating the doctrine of a plurality of worlds." All these works will be published at intervals, in a similar form, and will be sold separately or together.

Mr. Dick's writings are well known and appreciated in his community. The Christian Philosopher enjoys a deservedly high reputation among all classes of readers, and the present work, on the philosophy of a future state, is equally as meritorious. It gives evidence of a mind thoroughly imbued with the pure principles of christianity, and an intellect capable of comprehending and analysing the most abstruse questions connected with religion. In the appendix to this volume we find a letter from Lord Byron, which exhibits the moral feelings of that distinguished writer in a much more favourable light, than that in which they usually have been represented.

My Cousin Nicholas.—This is a very amusing novel from the press of Carey, Lea & Blanchard—a reprint from the London edition. Cousin Nick is one of the drollest souls that ever lived, and it is impossible to suppress laughter at his mischievous tricks, even though directed against the learned Dr. Drench, or the prudish Miss Kitty Pyefinch. The author has worked up an interesting tale, that will afford much gratification for a leisure hour.

Allen Breck.—This is a work of considerable merit, by Gleig, the well known author of the Subaltern, &c. Having for its ground work the rebellion in Scotland in 1745, the author connects many historical events of deep interest with his narrative, and as far as we are competent to judge, presents a faithful picture of the unshrinking loyalty of the Highlanders to the cause of the exiled monarch. The characters represented are drawn with vigour, especially that of Allen Breck, who as a villian in one chapter, and a man of principle in another, loses all identity in the mind of the reader. Gleig is a forcible writer, and of the present work the Edinburgh Review says—"it is one of the most powerful and highly-wrought tales we ever read."

It is from the press of Carey & Hart.

"*A Practical Treatise of Assets, Debts and Incumbrances by James Bain, A. M. Barrister at Law.*"

The *April* number of the *Law Library*, containing the commencement of the above work, has already been issued, and appears in its usually beautiful dress and with its accustomed regularity. We have repeatedly directed the attention of *lawyers* to this most excellent, cheap, and indispensable periodical, and have strongly recommended it to their favour.

The Law Library is published monthly in large octavo Nos. of about 200 pages each, at $10 per annum, by John P. Littell, Law-publisher, &c. No. 11 George street, Philada.

TOUR ON THE PRAIRIES.

Irving's new work—"A Tour on the Prairies," is nearly ready for publication, and will be issued by Carey, Lea & Blanchard, early in April. We have been permitted to peruse a portion of the book in sheets, and feel assured that it will well sustain Mr. Irving's high reputation as an American writer. We take pleasure in presenting our readers with the annexed chapter.

On the following morning, (Oct. 11,) we were on the march by half-past seven o'clock, and rode through deep rich bottoms of alluvial soil, overgrown with redundant vegetation, and trees of an enormous size. Our route lay parallel to the west bank of the Arkansas, on the borders of which river, near the confluence of the Red Fork, we expected to overtake the main body of rangers. For some miles the country was sprinkled with Creek villages and farm houses; the inhabitants of which appeared to have adopted, with considerable facility, the rudiments of civilization, and to have thriven in consequence. Their farms were well stocked, and their houses had a look of comfort and abundance.

We met with numbers of them returning from one of their grand games of all for which their nation is celebrated. Some were on foot, some on horseback; the latter, occasionally, with gaily dressed females behind them. They are a well made race, muscular and closely knit, with well turned thighs and legs. They have a gipsey fondness for brilliant colours, and gay decorations, and as bright and fanciful objects when seen at a distance on the prairies. One had a scarlet handkerchief bound round his head, surmounted with a tuft of black feathers like a cock's tail. Another had a white handkerchief, with red feathers, while a third, far vaunted a plume, had stuck in his turban a brilliant lama of Sarnach.

On the verge of the bottom trees we paused to inquire our way at a log hut, owned by a white settler or a tall raw boned old fellow, with red hair, a lank lantern visage, and an inveterate habit of winking with one eye, as if every thing he said was of knowing import. He was in a towering passion. One of his horses was missing he was sure it had been stolen in the night by a straggling party of Creeks encamped in a neighbouring camp; but he would have satisfaction! He would take an example of the villains. He had accordingly caught down his rifle from the wall, that invariable enforcer of right or wrong upon the frontiers, and being saddled his steed, was about to sally forth on a foray into the swamp; while a brother squatter, with fire in hand, stood ready to accompany him.

We endeavoured to calm the old campaigner of the prairies, by suggesting that his horse might have strayed into the neighbouring woods; but he had the frontier propensity to charge every thing to the Indians, and nothing could dissuade him from carrying fire and sword in the swamp.

After riding a few miles farther we lost the trail of the main body of rangers, and became perplexed by a variety of tracks made by the Indians and settlers. At length coming to a log house, inhabited by a white man, the very last on the frontier, we found that we had wandered from our true course. Taking us back for some distance, he again brought us to the right trail putting ourselves upon which, we took our final departure, and launched into the broad wilderness.

The trail kept on like a straggling foot path, over hill and dale, through brush and brake, and tangled thicket, and open prairie. In traversing the wilds it is customary for a party either of horse or foot to follow each other in single file like the Indians: so that the leaders break the way for those who follow, and lessen their labour and fatigue. In this way, also, the number of a party is concealed, the whole leaving but one narrow well trampled track to mark their course.

We had not long regained the trail, when, on emerging from a knoll, we beheld our raw boned, hard riding knight errant of the frontier, descending the slope of a hill, followed by his companion in arms. As he drew nigher to us, the gauntness of his figure and ruefulness of his aspect, reminded me of the description of the hero of La Mancha, and he was equally bent on allure of doughty enterprise, being about to penetrate the thickets of the perilous swamp, within which the enemy lay ensconced.

While we were holding a parley with him on the slope of the hill, we descried an Osage on horseback issuing out of a skirt of wood about half a mile off, and leading a horse by a halter. The latter was immediately recognised by our hard working friend as the steed of which he was in quest. As the Osage drew near, I was struck with his appearance. He was about nineteen or twenty years of age, but well grown, with the fine Roman countenance common to his tribe, and as he rode with his blanket wrapped round his loins his naked bust would have furnished a model for a statuary. He was mounted on a beautiful pie-bald horse, a mottled white and brown, of the wild breed of the prairies, decorated with a broad collar, from which hung in front a tuft of horse hair dyed of a bright scarlet.

The youth rode slowly up to us with a frank open air, and signified by means of our interpreter Beatte, that the horse he was leading had wandered to their camp, and he was now on his way to conduct him back to his owner.

I had expected to witness an expression of gratitude on the part of our hard favoured cavalier, but to my surprise the old fellow broke out into a furious passion. He declared that the Indians had carried off his horse in the night, with the intention of bringing him home in the morning, and claiming a reward for finding him; a common practice, as he affirmed, among the Indians. He was, therefore, for tying the young Indian to a tree and giving him a sound lashing; and was quite surprised at the burst of indignation which this novel mode of requiting a service drew from us. Soo, however, is too often the administration of law on the frontier. "Lynch's law," as it is technically termed, in which the plaintiff is apt to be witness, jury, judge, and executioner, and the defendant to be convicted and punished on mere presumption: and in this way I am convinced, are occasioned many of those heart burnings and resentments among the Indians, which lead to retaliation, and eventuate in Indian wars. When I compared the open, noble countenance and frank demeanour of the young Osage, with the sinister visage and high handed conduct of the frontier-man, I felt little doubt on whose back a lash would be most meritoriously bestowed.

Being thus obliged to content himself with the recovery of his one, without the pleasure of flogging the finder into the bargain, the old Lycurgus, or rather Draco, of the frontier, set off growling on his return homeward, followed by his brother squatter.

As for the youthful Osage, we were all prepossessed in his favour the young Count especially, with the sympathies super to his age and incident to his character, had taken quite a fancy to him. Nothing would suit but he must have the young Osage as a companion and squire in his expedition into the wilderness. The youth was easily tempted, and, with the prospect of a safe range over the buffalo prairies and the promise of a new blanket, he turned his bridle, left the swamp and the encampment of his friends behind him, and set off to follow the Count in his wanderings in quest of the Osage hunters.

Such is the glorious independence of man in a savage state. This youth, with his rifle, his blanket, and his horse, was ready at a moment's warning to rove the world; he carried all his worldly effects with him, and in the absence of artificial wants, possessed the great secret of personal freedom. We of society are slaves, none much to others as to ourselves; our superfluities are the chains that bind us, impeding every movement of our bodies and thwarting every impulse of our souls. Such, at least, were my speculations at the time, though I am not sure but that they took their tone from the enthusiasm of the young Count, who seemed more enchanted than ever with the wild chivalry of the prairies, and talked of putting on the Indian dress and adopting the Indian habits during the time he hoped to pass with the Osages.

Pick Pockets.—There is at present in the city, an unusual number of thieves and pick pockets, and wherever an assemblage of citizens are expected, there is sure to be a number of the light fingered gentry among them. During one night of last week, there were no robberies committed, at which upwards of $2,000 is cash changed hands. An Exchange Office was rifled of more than $1,000; two Western Merchants lost $500 at one of the Theatres; an up country man lost, at a Museum near $200, the proceeds of a load of deer skins, &c. and two gentlemen at a private boarding house had their pockets picked of $300. On Saturday last, during the speech of the Hon. Mr. Poindexter at his lodgings opposite Mrs. Yohes, some of the villains entered the latter house and broke open two trunks belonging to the boarders; fortunately no money had been left in them, and the clothing was not disturbed.

"Shut, shut the door, good John." If Pope had lived in these days, he could have added—and lock it after you. We really believe that nearly one third of the new cloaks in town have changed hands this winter. Our streets are infested with hundreds of wretches, who softly open and enter the front doors of our citizens. If they are met, they whine forth—"Have you any cold victuals for a poor woman?" or if it be a man, he asks in a rough gruff voice—"Any wood to split, your honor?" If however the coast is clear, they snatch up any thing in the way, and slipping it under their cloaks, are round the next corner in one moment, in a pawn broker's shop in two, and in the third sitting in the back room of a grog shop, enjoying a drop of the creature, purchased with the proceeds of the adventure.

A few days since we left our office for a short time, and on our return were surprised to find in our sanctum, a red faced Irish woman stooping down, and in the act of taking possession of a pair of tongs. The surprise appeared mutual; however the lady mustered courage and stammered out, "I was'nt taking em yer worship's honour, not I—I'm sure yer too much of a gintleman to suspect a poor lone woman of such a dirty action." "What do you want then?" we enquired, "I called for a little soup sir, for my young ones." Soup in an editor's *sanctum!* The idea would have disarmed Justice herself; and after obliging the old lady to give up several articles which she had concealed beneath her cloak, she was allowed to go her ways.—*Philadelphia Gaz.*

Bella Horrida Bella.—On Tuesday last (*St. Patrick's day*) a desperate affray took place between some of the inhabitants of West Troy, and the Irish population of East Troy, in consequence of the former having chosen to suspend the effigy of St. Patrick to the branch of a tree, at which the national feelings of the latter took umbrage. Not contended with forcing the West Trojans to cut down the saint, they determined in their wrath to cut down the tree also, on which this profanation had been perpetrated. While they were in the act of laying the axe to the root of the tree the Trojans rallied, and rushed to the rescue, but were valorously repelled with many broken heads. Determined, however, to gain the day, they mustered a strong reinforcement, and finally succeeded in overpowering the Irishmen, and chasing them to Gibboosville, doing much execution upon them in their flight. Two cartloads of the rioters were brought into town on Tuesday evening, who after being confined all night, and receiving a wholesome rebuke, were discharged yesterday morning.—*Albany D. Adv.*

Rail Road Accident.—On St. Patrick's day, the labourers on the Boston and Lowell Rail Road enjoyed it as a holyday, in commemoration of the birth of the tutelar Saint of the Emerald Isle. They left their dirt carts, fifty-five in number, as we are told, at the rail road draw, (near the Boston terminus) which being accidentally open whilst a fresh W. wind was blowing, the cars were attacked with a sudden fit of locomotion, and moved on towards the extremity of the road, but finding no passage across the channel of the river, very coolly dropped into it, one after another, Indian file fashion. The car wheels being independent of the car bodies, and somewhat frenzied withal, drove to the bottom and imbedded themselves comfortably in the mud, whilst the bodies, being of lighter construction, chose to float on the surface at the mercy of wind and tide, to the edification of the philosopher and the amusement of the ignorant, who were lost in admiration.—*Boston Transcript.*

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

Firemen's Fund.—The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt from Messrs. Francis & William S. Peret, of a donation of one hundred dollars to the funds of the Association.

William G. Alexander, Esq. has been elected President, and Samuel H. Tramer, Esq. Secretary of the Southwark Fire Insurance Company.

At an election held on the 20th inst. the following persons were duly elected constables of the District of Spring Garden for the ensuing year.

First Ward—Andrew Morrison.
Second Ward—Charles B. Rees.
Third Ward—Obed Cresse.
Fourth Ward—Benjamin Schlater.

Melancholy Case.—On Monday morning about 4 o'clock, the moans of a woman were heard in the st. at the corner of Sixth and Prune street—some of the neighbours arose and went to her assistance—found she could not speak; took her out of the street, and went for a guardian of the poor—when he came, found her dead. She was known in the neighborhood of Small street by the name of Elizabeth; she was about 4 feet 20 inches high—about 16 years of age. Her linen was marked Elizabeth Yorell.

We learn from Mr. Dickinson, the Coroner, that on Tuesday afternoon, a man named Edward Burns, about sixty years of age, who was employed in quarrying stone near the Alms house and in the service as head quarrier, was killed instantly by the falling of a piece of rock. Whilst the blast was on the point of going off, he stepped under a bridge with two other men, to avoid the danger, where he remained until he thought all the pieces had fallen. No sooner however, was he from under the bridge, than a stone weighing about forty pounds, fell upon his head and dashed it to *pieces.—Phil. Gaz.*

The Whigs of Rhode Island have nominated Mr. Knight as their candidate for Governor.

The new City Council of Camden, N. J. assembled at the Town Hall, on 19th inst, and after organising, by swearing in the members, and re-electing Josiah Harrison, Esq. Clerk—unanimously re-elected Gideon V. Stivers, Esq. Mayor, Isaac Smith, Treasurer and Street Commissioner, James Gehan, Marshal, and Chester Chattin, Constable and Poundkeeper.

New Orleans, March 2.

A gentleman was stopped on Saturday night, by a footpad, with the customary salutation on such occasions:—"Your money or your life." Oh, replied the gentleman, don't get into a passion and you shall have all I have got, and drew a pistol, and shot the fellow down.—*Ads.*

It is confidently stated by a Washington letter writer, in the Baltimore Chronicle that Amos Kendall is to be appointed Postmaster General.

The ship Dalmatia put into New York on Tuesday, with the loss of nearly all her crew, under the following circumstances:—She was bound to Liverpool, but on the passage a man fell overboard, when a boat with five men was sent to his rescue, but the sea being heavy, she was unfortunately capsized, when the whole met a watery grave.

We learn from the Albany Argus that the bill to aid and expedite the construction of the New York and Erie Rail-road, was *rejected*, in the House of Representatives of that state, on Friday last, by a vote of 61 to 46.

We learn from the *Boston Transcript*, that the publishers of Miss Reed's book have already sold 5,000 copies of it, and they have been unable to supply any orders from distant places.

Wise Weres.—The Dorchester folks voted that the paupers in their alms-houses should have liquor.—The Roxbury people decided on the contrary, that these should be no ardent spirits in their poor-house.

Horrible.—A little girl named Louisa Friday, was brought up to the New York Alms-house in a dreadfully lacerated condition, having been whipped by her brutal father *until her bowels protruded from her abdomen!* She was placed under medical treatment—but whether her life will be saved is yet problematical. The inhuman father fled.

Ham, the person who whipped a clergyman in Salem, was elected constable in that town. A pretty fellow to keep the peace!

*

Philadelphia Prices Current.

From the Saturday Evening Post, by Saml. T. Bicknell, Editor of the Reporter, Commercial Detector, and Price Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 27, 1835.

	cwt	4 25	5 00
		4 25	5
			12½
			12½
			12½

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

What the Deuce has brought back Spring?

From my window I could see her
At her own all winter through;
We lived before we knew each other,
And betwixt us kisses flew;
The tender trees, though Heaven! were in flame—
I was happy as a king!
Now they all resume their foliage—
What the deuce has brought back spring?

She who from her casement often
Fed the small birds under the snow,
Now a-nod from me completely
By the flowers that round it blow;
Do the flowers and leaves imagine
That they are so fine a thing?
Brow is fifty times more lovely—
What the deuce has brought back spring?

I have seen her in the morning
As Aurora fresh and gay,
When she with her rosy fingers
Draws the curtains of the day;
Like a sentry star at evening,
Smiles on me she used to fling;
Now these verdant clouds obscure her—
What the deuce has brought back spring?

Winter, why not last for ever?
Whose shall I behold again
Beauties bare and friendly habitudes
Passing on the window-pane?
What to me bliss skies and zephyrs,
All the joys that long days bring,
If it hides her window from me—
What the deuce has brought back Spring?

A NEW DEFINITION.—A young lady being lately on an examination as to her proficiency in the science of grammar, was asked why the noun *bachelor* is singular, and with great apparent candor, "Because it is very singular they don't get married."

A POLICE MAGISTRATE.—Truth is not seldom extracted by accident. Mr. A. whose office is frequently clamorous with the linguists of shilling warrants, suddenly called out, "Silence there!—There's been" added he "two or three people committed, and I have not heard a word they have said."

MARRIAGE.—"Since marriage is a sacred thing," and a spruce dressed up a dandy person, at Lady ——'s table, lately, "I wonder that there is nothing of the kind in the skies." "There are no women there," said the gentleman. "Not so fast," quickly rejoined the lady, "Woman there are, but the last is, I am afraid, they cannot find a pair."

A passing lawyer made all seem to the testimony of the "vegetable universe on the other side."

"What do you mean," inquired his opponent, "by vegetable universe?"

"Why, I mean," was the reply, "the man with carroty hair, reddish whiskers, and a turn-up nose."

On opening the will, a few days since, of a gentleman who had expended an extremely handsome fortune, arranged under articles, is contained the following: "If I had died possessed of a thousand pounds, I would have left it to my dear friend, Mr. Thomas B——, but as I have not a sixpence, he must accept the will for the deed."

If you want to make a man a drunkard, give him a wife who will scold him every time he comes home.

If you want to render your husband unhappy, blame him for every thing he does, right or wrong.

If you wish your sons to become sots, make it a point to use ardent spirits in the morning—before dinner—three cold, wet, heated or fatigued; and occasionally, recommending its use to them by your presence.

And, finally, if you would always have a clear conscience, be an honest man and a christian, and if you could not be everlastingly dunned, pay THE PRINTER.—*Western Paper.*

AN ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—*A good* 'un.—A short time since on the mail Stage was going, on a very dark night, from Boston to Portsmouth, the driver was alarmed by the cry of "oh lordy we are left over mud on." The driver jumped off his box, and found that he had driven in a carioli, demolished it, and "split" an Irishman and two women. The driver immediately enraged that the gallant Hibernian should keep the middle of the road, gave him a pretty severe lecture, and concluded by asking him if he did not see the lights on the stage? "Yes, and to be sure and I did, and I dreamt right between them.—*Portland Adv.*

Cause and Effect.—An agreeable and sprightly foreign correspondent of the Boston Courier, in a letter from Paris, thus accounts *psychologically* for the politeness of French people:

"Why are the French the most polite people on the planet? Because they have so many looking-glasses. A sight of himself always puts a man on his best behaviour. Witness the philosopher who never locked his door, and on several occasions to see how his new coat sat in the back? where is the man, that looking in the glass, did not smooth his face and soften his manners to suit? No one can enter a shop, or pass the streets of Paris without seeing himself multiplied a hundred fold. I dined this day in a room but fifteen feet square—in fact—but in appearance, interminable. It was lined with looking-glasses, and I saw myself reflected down an endless vista.—Did I not find my personal dignity increased with these multiplications? Truly I did. Where will you find a correspondent that will make such confessions? I remember me of reading a book not without interest—written by an actor, I have read many such—I think it was Fennel. But Fennel, or Tenny, or Wormwood, he was in Paris at the first French Revolution, as I hope to be in it at the Third. He was at Versailles, when a few Brigands entered to murder their sovereign—they had got near to their quarry—when they came to a hall lined with mirrors—they were startled at the reflections—they retired in dismay, for they beheld a regiment of monsters.

FATAL TRICK OF A COURIER.—A dreadful accident occurred at Amstadt on the 10th of November. On that day, Lansky, the celebrated legerdemain performer, in the presence of the family of Prince Schwartzburg Sondershausent, gave a grand exhibition, in which he distinguished himself by an extraordinary display of his art. Six soldiers from the garrison were introduced, to fire with the ball cartridges at Madame Lansky, the young wife of the conjurer. They were, however, instructed to bring the cartridge to bear off the ball and keep it in the mouth, as they had been shown how to do on a rehearsal. Madame Lansky was to take a turn nowzling to perform the part allotted to her in the trick; but by the persuasion of her husband, she was induced to consent. The soldiers, who were drawn up before the company, took aim at Madame Lansky and fired. For a moment after the firing she remained standing upright, but the next moment she sank down, saying, "Dear husband, I am shot." One of the musket balls which had not been taken off, passed quite through her abdomen. The unfortunate woman never spoke another word, and died the second day after she received the wound. Many of the spectators fainted, and the horror of the scene has given a shock to the reason of Lansky. It was, indeed, a spectacle which might have unmanned the most firm. It is to be hoped that this event will serve as a warning to all conjurers, as well as to the spectators of their tricks, who usually show too incomprehensible a confidence in the art of the performer, not only with respect to cases of risk of life, but to other practices of a dangerous nature.—*Amst. Observ.*

Modern Philanthropy.—Miss Leslie, in one of the latest of her pleasant sketches of scenery and manners, gives the following clever hit at the too prevalent charity which begins the farthest possible remove from home:

"As is the case in most American villages, the female population of Thebes far outnumbered the male; and the matrimonial market being extremely deficient in the article of young men, the ladies, in default of other occupation, were much addicted to reforming the world and improving the condition of the universe. They not only kept a close watch over the little community immediately around them, but they had lately taken the Pelew Island under their protection, and had formed a society for the purpose of supplying the wants (both mental and physical) of those amiable savages—the history of Prince Lee Boo having convinced them that his countrymen were people whose capacities were great, and whose necessities were none."

"One learned Theban, a lady, whose chief study was that voluminous work intitled the Library of *Entertaining* Knowledge, was engaged in writing a series of papers on Natural Science, to be translated into Pelew whenever a professor of that language could be found; and another was employed on an octavo of six hundred pages, designated 'a Synopsis of Ancient History,' also to be translated by the same benighted islanders.

"But the largest proportion of the members of this praise-worthy society being ladies whose stockings were but narrowly striped with blue, they were content to be employed in making up long flannel jackets, quilted petticoats, and thick double calico wrappers, to supercede the airy costume of the females of Pelew; who though living in the vicinity of the equator, were as yet strangers to the comforts of warm clothing."

HORRORS OF SLAVERY.—A gentleman having charge of an extensive forwarding establishment, relates the following: A fine looking intelligent negro, who had been employed on board a canal boat during the summer, not liking to be idle, set his wits at work to contrive some way of turning an honest penny during the winter, at last hit upon the following expedient. Talking with him a stage driver of his acquaintance, they journeyed lovingly together to Richmond, Va. near which city the negro had formerly lived. Here he was sold as a slave by his friend the stage driver, for eight hundred dollars. The stage driver immediately decamped, and the negro forthwith took measures to prove and obtain his freedom. In this, by the aid of friends, and papers in his possession he succeeded—was liberated and returned home; where, much to his satisfaction, he found that his partner, agreeable to promise, had deposited four hundred dollars, the half of his purchase money, to his credit in the Savage Bank.—*Cantrell's Am.*

The following anecdote, which may perhaps find difficult credence with the phlegmatic natives of the north, ignorant of the peculiar character of the Sicilians, may easily be verified by any traveller whom business or pleasure may conduct to Catania, and will serve as an excellent specimen of the whimsical superstition of even the higher classes among that eccentric people.

The heir of one of the first houses of the above-mentioned city being seized with a violent fit of illness, his life was despaired of by the faculty. The Marchesa R——, his afflicted mother, finding no hope in the doctors, had recourse to the saints, and addressing herself to Saint Antonio, for whom she entertained an especial devotion, vowing, that if he recovered, she would marry him to the first maiden young woman of whatever rank or station she might first, offering her prayers before his altar.

It turned out that the health of the young man began immediately after the vow to improve. The mother was not slack in acknowledging her obligation for this intercession, and religiously prepared to fulfil her engagement with the saint. When she arrived at the sortie in search of the bride provided by Saint Antonio, she found a young beggar girl, the only devotee at the altar. Nothing dismayed, having only ascertained that she was unmarried and unengaged, she did not presume to look the gift horse in the mouth; but to the wonder of the mendicant, enlisted her as her daughter-in-law, and conducting her by the hand to her carriage, which was waiting, without any regard to her person or apparel, which were naturally none of the cleanest, placed the ragged girl in the vehicle, and drove off with her to the palace, at which she was destined to become the future mistress. The son, equally devout with his mother, gratefully received the precious godsend, which Saint Antonio, no doubt, in pot to the rose, had taken care should be as little clean with the gifts of person as those of fortune, being, in addition to her other qualifications, as ill-favoured a young person as say us the city of Catania.

The careful Marchesa, knowing how prone youth is to change, having subjected her daughter-in-law to the necessary operations of the bath and the toilette, and the helping hands of the friseur and dressmaker, had the marriage duly celebrated on the morrow. The young bride scarcely knew what to think of the new element in which she found herself, and felt at first rather awkward, making many remarks on the troublesome and unnatural restraints imposed on themselves by the rich. For instance, she could not, for her life, see the propriety of taking our food with a fork, when Providence has so liberally provided us with fingers, or indulging, in warm weather, in the superfluous luxury of shoes and stockings.

But all these little *gaucheries* were off by degrees and under the tuition of her mother-in-law, she promised to turn out as fine a lady as her quondam betters. There was, however, one of her peculiarities which excited the curiosity of the family, and occasioned the sagacious Marchesa no little anxiety. Every day after dinner she retired to her apartment, and carefully locking the door after her, remained invisible for several hours; as low voices were heard within, the mother-in-law began to entertain suspicions that all was not right. She therefore resolved to keep a vigilant watch on her motions, and in order to ascertain the nature of her after-dinner occupations, had a hole privately bored in one of the panels of the chamber door. Next day following she softly up stairs, and applying her eye to the aperture, she saw, to her astonishment, her daughter-in-law produce fruit, pieces of bread, and other fragments, which she had secreted at table, and placing a portion on each of the chairs in the room, she began with the first, and exceeding her hand, with the usual doleful cant of the mendicant fraternity, supplicated for "a little charity for the love of heaven." After continuing her entreaties for some time, she took what was lying on the chair, and wiming a benediction on the supposed donor, passed on to the next, until she had made a tour of the whole, when she sat down in a corner and devoured the fragments with greater zest and appetite than she ever displayed at table. Thus verifying the old adage, "that custom is second nature."

WOODEN BOOKS.—A singular library exists at Warmenton, near Cassel; the books composing it, or rather the substitutes for them, being made of wood, and every one of them is a specimen of some different tree. The back is formed of its bark, and the sides are constructed of polished pieces of the same stock. When put together, the whole forms a box, and inside of it are stored the fruit, seed and leaves, together with the moss which grows on the trunk, and the insects which feed upon the tree; every volume corresponds in size, and the collection altogether has an excellent effect.

LIGHT LADIES.—Early in the morning ladies may be seen going to the churches to do penance, perhaps consuming of going on their knees round the interior. At certain times the figure of the Virgin and saints are carried through the streets by people barefooted and shrouded in cloaks, and the whiteness of the skin of many of these betray them to be of the higher orders. But sometimes penance is a complete farce; thus, I heard of one lady, who vowed, on recovering from illness, to go from one church to another barefooted; she did so, but it was in full dress, and carried in a sedan chair.—*Alexander's Sketches.*

Hydro-Oxide of Iron as an antidote to Arsenic.—Mr. Orton of London, has lately made some experiments, on rabbits with a view to testing the efficacy of this preparation, which some other experiments that were not long since published, would lead us to think was a sovereign antidote to the destructive effects of arsenic. His experiments, however, furnish a different result, and so far from even delaying its fatal effects, the rabbit which took arsenic without the iron survived longer than those that took in conjunction. He also endeavours to show that death from poisoning by arsenic is, ultimately, the result of asphyxia—that it commences in the lungs rather than in the circulating or cerebral system.—*Lancet.*

A SMALL MATRIMONIAL BARGE.—"Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye—just tell me that—for it's myself that's had to maintain ye, ever since the blessed day that Father O'Flanagan sent me home to yer house?" "Sweet jewel," replied Pat, not relishing the charge, "and it's myself that hope I may live to see the day when ye're a widow, weeping over the could sod that covers me—then by St. Patrick, I'll see how you get along without me, honey."

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.

KEMBLE AND A DRAMATIC APPRENTICE.—Mr. Wilson, better known as Mr. Manley, who has for many years been the lessee of several theatres in the provinces, was in his youth a red-ridly-framed Hibernian blood,—a roaring blade,—with a thick brogue, shoulders of extreme amplitude, and limbs to match. In the very early part of John Philip Kemble's management, Mr. Manley was anxious to make his *debut*. Kemble, after some delay, agreed to hear him if he would call at the theatre (Drury-lane) on a certain morning.—From the clock, Manley went. Unfortunately, a Nobleman devoted to theatricals (Earl P——) was then with the tragedian; however, Manley had "come there to give a taste of his quality, and, piano the page, he would." After a delay, that had not awakened the temper of the novice, Kemble crossed through the ante-room (where M. was) to show out "Mr. Campbell! Mr. Campbell!" and the impatient *debutant*; and, (with a rapidity that defied interruption, unfolded the purpose of his mayst, the length of time he had been detained, &c. His manner was such, that had there not dwelt a danger in his mien, his hearers must have roared outright; but Kemble, in heart and soul, as well as the mere manner, was a gentleman; he begged the Earl to excuse him whilst he heard Mr. M. "Pray allow me also to have that pleasure," said his Lordship; denial was impossible.—They proceeded to the stage; the tenacity of the gentleman from the Emerald Isle observed, or imagined, the wrinkle, bimba, and nudge-a of the Peer and the manager; and wrought up to wrath are the trial concerned, he began to exhibit his notion of Hamlet:—

"Oath! that thou too, too solid flesh would melt."

Before the soliloquy was concluded, the Earl had nearly swallowed his pocket-handkerchief, and poor Kemble bit his lips till they bled, to prevent a burst of laughter that would have comprised their dignity and wounded the amateur's feelings. To give the Earl time to recover, Kemble asked for another specimen; with an eye kindling like a coal, M. complied:—

"Speake the speache I pray ye as I pronounced it to you."

to the conclusion of the direction to the players. So far the story tells better for the forbearance of Kemble and the Earl than for the powers of Mr. Manley; but he was not the man to quit the scene without letting his auditors know that he saw he was the subject of ridicule. In reply to Mr. Kemble's "You shall hear from me, Sir, I see vacancy in your face should occur." M. said, "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Campbell and my Lord, you've been *damning* yourselves at my expense some time—and now *mell either of ye fight!*"

SCOTT.—The actors of a bygone day had a characteristic humour; the public then thought more of their sayings, cared less for their doings; men would rather record in memory the bright things or the merry stories that Suett uttered, than delight in musing on his love of the ladies or the bottle. It was impossible to remain for any length of time angry with him; he had about him an "unconsciousness of offending" that disarmed you; it is not generally known that Dickey, in a comic part, nearly damned "Pizarro" the first night—but so it was; the part was ill-written, and its introduction ill-timed; and most furiously did the public bum it. Sheridan was distracted, and Dickey, with the utmost gravity, said, "This comes of putting me into a German drama. You know, Sir, I know nothing of German."

SCOTT'S GRAVE.—Suett, the comedian, was lamentably lank. When Wilkinson said to Mathews would have been more justly applicable to Dickey—"I never saw any one so thin to be alive." When he walked in the streets it appeared like an experiment—a sort of trial whether skin and bone could go alone; yet his slender attractions made and haven' and the damsels in the regions of Clare-market. In Bernard-street he died. He was buried in the churchyard, the entrance of which is in Russell-court; and on the building of the long-room to add to the O. P. and P. S. (now the Kean's Head) part of that churchyard was encroached on. Suett Lee under the hearth-stone of that very room; and over it Charles Incledon, when informed of the fact, sang "Here a Sheer Hulk," with tears in his eyes.

TOM WILKINSON, when York was the nursery where genius learned to soar, was always most anxious to secure a comedian who could give a faithful picture of rustic manners. Suett, Fawcett, Emery, Mathews, and Knight, were successively the low comedians of the York circuit; and, different as their styles were, all justly acknowledged in the personation of Clowns. When Emery first came to London, his eccentric solicitude was glorious weapon's in Suett's hands, who boasted the York laddie to the great delight of "his brethren and "several persons of distinction." Unfortunately, many of Suett's stories are unprintable, and much that he told was a vast mixture of men, to examine it. While waiting for the barge to return, some of the natives approached the ship, to their baskets, bringing with them various articles of skin and fish, with which they wished to exchange for other commodities.

They resembled the Esquimaux of the eastern coast of America, having large, fat, round faces, high cheek bones, small heavy eyes, eyebrow a slanting like the Chinese, and wide mouths. Like the rest of the Indians along that part of the American coast, they wore ornaments in the under lip. These consisted of pieces of ivory, stone or glass, formed with a double head, like a sleeve button, one part of which is thrust through a hole bored in the under lip. In adults, this hole is about half an inch in diameter. It is made when they are twelve or fifteen years of age, and is not at first larger than a quill, but as they grow older, they enlarge it by increasing the size of the ornament worn in it.

Their boats are a kind of boat, the frame of which is of drift wood, covered with the skins of walruses, strained over it. A stranger, on first setting his foot on the soft yielding bottom would be apt to feel himself unsafe; but there is no danger of their going way, when they keep them well oiled. Each of these boats will contain from ten to thirteen men.

CLOTHES ON FIRE.

A very wise man, who had lived in the world almost eighty years, and seen many and accidents, told me one day that people would never act properly, when frightened, till they learned to think over the matter, and consider what they would do before hand. If their clothes were on fire, ought they to run, or to stand still and throw on water, or to do nothing? If the horses in a stage are frightened and run, must the passengers jump out, or may it? If a house is on fire, and you are in an upper room, what will be safest to do?—And so of a thousand things that forget happen daily.

Most children, if their clothes should get on fire, would run and scream; but this would be like blowing the flame with a bellows. It would be far better to stand still, and try to put the flame out; or if there is a blanket or some woollen garment present, some one that, and wrap it round you, and smother the fire. Above all, do not run; for if you do, you will most certainly be burned to death. I will tell you, more particularly, what to do in these cases, at some other time; but just now, I wish to relate a story about Mrs. Hannah Moor, of England; a good woman, who died not long since, at a very great age.

She was reaching across the fire place for a book, and her shawl caught fire. The good lady did not however perceive it, till it had spread to the rest of her clothes, when she stepped to the door, and called the family; but as she perceived that the current of air through the door increased the flame, and heard her friends coming to her relief, she walked gently to the middle of the chamber, where she stood perfectly still, till the people came and extinguished the fire, without her person being in the least degree injured.—*Parley's Magazine.*

East Bradford Boarding School,
FOR BOYS.

THIS Institution will remain open for the reception of new Students, on the 2d proximo, healthy, and retired, being 3 miles south of West Chester, on the road leading to Kennett Square.—The course of instruction embraces Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, with the use of Mitchell's Maps, Ancient and Modern History, Book-keeping, Algebra, Geometry, Mensuration, Surveying, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Conic Sections, Navigation, Physical and Practical Astronomy, Analytical Geometry, the Differential and Integral Calculus, Natural Philosophy, and the most useful Branches in Philosophy, Mechanics, Dynamics, Hydrostatics, &c. Also, the Latin, French, and Spanish Languages.

TERMS, for boarding, washing, and tuition, in all or any of the above mentioned branches, (except the Spanish language) $120 per session, of 42 weeks; an additional charge of $5 per quarter will be made for the Spanish. Books and stationery furnished at the usual prices, on which no profit is made.

Every attention is paid to the health, cleanliness, morals, and literary attainments of the pupils. There are two vacations annually, of two weeks each. The spring vacation will end on the 1st of May, after which time there will be a number of Vacancies.

The Rail Road from Philadelphia to West Chester, affords a facility of going to that place, from whence conveyance may be had at a moderate charge.

JOSEPH C. STRODE.

Reference may be made to Joseph Lea, Wilmington, near Marcus Hook; John Sharp, M. D. No. 263 Arch street; Thomas Fenton, No. 227 Arch street; Joseph J. Vaughan, No. 63 High street, Philadelphia; Wm. Darlington, M. D. Dunt Townsend, and Isaac Thomas, M. D., West Chester.

mar 21—6t

Newly Invented Water-Wheel.

THESE wheels are calculated to run in rivers or streams where there is no fall except the natural current. In many situations they require no dam, and being of simple construction, the expense of building and keeping in order may be averted as dams with them in streams heretofore considered as useless for want of fall. They do not attain their full power until current (or nearly so) by water. They are not impeded by floating wood or ice, as the float boards. There is no wheel so well calculated to run in the tide. They will always turn the same way, whether the tide runs up or down. They will run if placed in any position.

Persons desirous of purchasing county or single rights, not already engaged, will please apply to

BENJAMIN DUGDALE.
Trenton, New Jersey.

☞ Philip Garrett of Philadelphia, has a model of the wheel, which may be seen.

mar 21—6t

Important to Ladies.

ROBERT RIGBY, 25 North Thirteenth street, Silk and Woollen Dyer and Finisher, (from London,) begs leave to inform the ladies of Philadelphia, that additional machinery and other improvements have been added to his establishment, for the purpose of finishing the dresses and bonnets of silk, satin, poplin and merino dresses, cloaks, &c. &c.; likewise crape, silk and fancy shawls, handkerchiefs, &c.

Merino shawls cleaned, pressed, and the fringe curled, poplin dresses dyed, permanent colours, and finished in the most mourning dyed at the shortest notice—all of which is done and put up in the first style by experienced workmen.

P. S.—It is not the generality known that the process we teach honour than at most other establishments in the city.

mar 14—6m

Sumac

WANTED, for which the highest market prices will be given, by ANTHONY P. MORRIS,
No. 22 Chestnut street.

Leather Bark Mills.

SELLING off, at No. 112 Chestnut street, the Stock and Fixtures of WM. PRICHETT, deceased, consisting of
2000 Sides Slaughter Sole Leather, cut tanned, 1st quality.
300 do. do. do. do. do.
2000 Sides Spanish, in whole an assortment of Sunbird Upper, Harness, Harness, Bend and Welt Sole Leather; Sunbird Kip, Calf and Skirting. Patent and Calcutta Kips in best.
2 Patent Hatchet for Splitting Hides (other).
1 Mill Stone for grinding Bark or Hides.
1 Set for improved Plunging Beam.

mar 21—3t

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of Wm Prichett, Hide and Leather Dealer, of Philadelphia, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims, to present them for immediate settlement to the subscribers, No. 112 Chestnut street.

EDITH PRICHETT, Executrix,
THOS. PRICHETT,
JNO. PRICHETT,
Executors.

mar 21—3t

Agents Wanted.

SEVERAL young men of pleasant address, of active and persevering habits, may find profitable employment as travelling Agents, in the circulation of a popular and useful work. Those who have had experience in the business for a considerable length of time, would be preferred. Unexceptionable references must be given. A line from any applicant of the above description, (if post-paid) addressed to "A. H." through the Philadelphia Post Office, will meet with prompt attention.

mar 21—6m

T. M. Hughes & J. P. Wilkinson,
COFFIN MAKERS and General Furnishing Undertakers, No. 162 North Tenth, above Race, corner of Sergeant street, Philadelphia, would inform their friends and the public in general, for the liberal encouragement received since their commencement business, and hope, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage. They have on hand a large assortment of Coffins, made of the best seasoned materials, furnished in rich and new forms, shrouds, winding sheets, gloves, crapes, scarfs—open or close Hearses and Carriages, equal to any in the city. They will also attend to get up lower-out, and every requisite for funerals, on the most very moderate, and every thing will be done to give satisfaction.

☞ Country undertakers will find it to their advantage to call on the Subscribers for any thing they may want in the above named business.

mar 14—6m

E. Henley,
No. 31 South Second Street, Philadelphia,

HAS received an extensive assortment of Spring and Summer Goods, consisting of
Woman's and Misses' Leghorn Flats,
do. Straw & Bonnets,
do. Tuscan do.
Tuscan Braid by the Piece,
Fancy Lace, Tuscan do.
Ornaments, Wire Frames,
Straw Braid and Straw Cord,
Straw Bands and Gimps,
Men's and Boys' Leghorn and Straw Hats.
ALSO,
Gauze Net Ribbons,
do. Cap do.
Plain and Figured Satin Ribbons,
do. do. Gros de Naples,
Figured and Plain Bonnet Silks,
White and Coloured Florences,
do. do. Gros de Naples
do. do. Satins,
White and Coloured Crapes,
Rural Gauzes and Edgings,
Bonnet and Cap Wires, Point Cord, Artificial Flowers,
Bonnet and Ribbon Wire, Velvet and Wires,
With every variety of Millinery and Trimmings, which will be sold wholesale only, at little to suit customers.

N. B.—Milliners from the country are invited to call as above, where they will find every article in their line, and at moderate prices. Also, the newest fashions and patterns.

mar 14—6t

To the Ladies.

CHEAPEST and most fashionable Furs in the city. No. 108 South Second street, 3 doors above the Custom-house, and 73 Chestnut street, below Countess Hall.

DAVID LEVICK, Manufacturer and Importer of Furs, respectfully informs the ladies that he has commenced to fit up his assortment for the accommodation of his numerous customers, he has opened another Fur Room, No. 79 Chestnut street, where he will sell at his usual low prices. Ladies are invited to call and see, before they purchase elsewhere, as he is determined to sell at very reduced rates. Caps and Muffs, and particularly his Lynx.

☞ Furs altered to the latest fashions, and every description of work warranted by selecting his Furs in Europe himself.

dec 7—3m—1y

Macpelah Burial Ground.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the above Burial Ground, situated at the N. E. corner of Penna and Kensington streets, is NOW open for the reception of interments, at the following rates, viz:—For children under 5 years of age, $11; from 5 to 15, $1 50; and all persons 15 years old or upwards, $2; and $1 50 for digging each grave.

Applications for interments and tickets to be obtained from either of the following persons, viz:

William Adams, President, No. 38 Old York Road, 3d door above Wood street.

Charles L. Bonnaffon, Vice President, Vine above Broad st. south side.

Thomas W. Newton, Secretary, S. W. corner of Thirteenth and Filbert streets.

Peter Williamson, Treasurer, Northeast corner of Second and Almond streets.

Or to either of the following named Directors,

Robert Evans, S. E. corner of Carpenter and Passyunk road.

David Bacon, 54 South Fifth street.

Joseph Ellis, No. 136 South Fifth street.

John Thompson Jr. No. 916 South Fourth street.

William Gaw, Jr., 308 South Second street.

J. W. McMullin, No. 2 Shed above Front, from 13th above Race.

John Davis, No. 121 German street.

John Lawrence, S. E. corner of Federal and Second streets.

John D. Brown, No. 25 Coates street.

Daniel Schlatter, 1 Cedar street, (Southwark.)

John Custer, Jr. S. E. corner of Second and South streets.

A careful superintendent resides on the premises, ready at all times to receive orders for interments, and will give every information required by those wishing to visit the ground; and the Board of Directors have spared no pains in rendering the Burial Ground a place of safe deposite for all those who may be entrusted to their care.

Members of the Society only having obtained Deeds for their respective lots, and those wishing to make transfers, are requested to call on the President or Secretary, in order that the deeds and transfers may be regularly signed and registered according to the Constitution.

By order of the Board of Managers,

mar 28—6t EDWARD W. NEWTON, Sec'y.

Wholesale and Retail Bedding
WARE-HOUSE, corner of 4th and Vine Sts.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the largest assortment of Feather Beds in Philadelphia—as ready made here, bolsters and pillows, curled hair mattresses, straw do. cotton do. wool do. cattail do. straw do. high post bedsteads, Pearl post do. French do. cane and cottage settees; the best baled cane Bottoms, by the inch or single pound; Nursery Feathers, best ticking by the piece or single yard; curled hair, moss and cattail by the pound.

N. B. Old hair mattresses repaired. { All goods bought at this store are warranted. } E. CLARK.

feb 11—12t—1y*

Jacob Sennell,
Brass, Steel and Cane Reed Manufactory, 163 North Second st., Philada.

THIS improved Cane Reed, for which he received a patent from the United States, he warrants to be superior in all respect s to those made on the old plan.

An assortment of Reeds and Heddles, for city and country work, constantly on hand.

Also, a large supply of Reeds, suitable for country merchants.

Brass and Steel Reeds, made to order at the shortest notice, all of which he warrants to be of the best quality, and sold at the lowest prices.

A general assortment of first quality Worsted Heddle Yarn, and wholesome and retail. feb 14—3m*

Wetherill and Brothers,

MANUFACTURERS—No. 65 North Front street, 3 doors below Race street, Philadelphia, offer for sale Chemicals, Paints, Drugs, Dye Stuffs, Gums, Oils and Varnish of every description, at the lowest prices. As they manufacture the Chemicals, Paints, many of the materials, Oils, and all kinds of Varnish purchasers may depend upon the quality being such as represented. The following are a few of the articles always on hand and for sale:

Whi te lead, dry and ground in Oil.
Chrome yellow, do. do.
Chrome green, do. do.
Verdigris, do. do.
Venetian red, do. do.
Spanish brown, do. do.
Yellow ochre, do. do.
Ivy paint, black paint, glue, leather varnish.
Jamaica varnish, copal do. sugar lead, Prussia turnerine,
Lampblack, gamb, Gamboge, Sandarac, powdered gold leaf,
Prussian blue, Indigo, Spanish brown, Venetian red,
Oil vitriol, saltpetre, blue vitriol, sodium, alum, arsenic,
Shellac, Cochineal, madder, dye woods of every kind,
Kreosote, a new antique preparation, used in dental surgery, rapid in its effects, entirely prevent decay of the teeth, and cure the tooth ache.
Morphia, camphine, sodium, borax, white quinine,
Lunar caustic, calcined magnesia, dragendorffs opium,
Bichloride of mercury, corrosive sublimate,
Red precipitate, extract of cinchona, prepared by those alone,
Surgical instruments, alcohol, terebinthine, saltpetre,
Salt opium, oil cinnamon, do. cassia, do. lemons,
Bell flue, Bristol, Rochester and Cumberland stone coppers,
Opium, ipecacuanha, cam hogs, jalap, liquorice, rock candy,
Grand pepper, ground cloves, ground cloves,
do. cinnamon, do. ginger, &c. &c.
Saltpetre, sal soda, sal ammoniac,
Rosens oil, pat and proof sakes, boxes oil, tallow soap,
Hair powder, tooth powder, tooth brushes, sealing wax,
Wafers, indelible ink, shoe black ing, &c. &c.

Having devoted many years to the study of the quality of every article used them for dying, as the greatest possible care is taken in the manufacture and selection of all the articles offered for this purpose.

Concentrated Extract of Coffee,
PREPARED by WETHERILL & BROTHERS, No. 65 North Front street, Philadelphia.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—For two tea spoons full of the EXTRACT into your cup—add cream and cream—pour on the hot water, and pour coffee to taste. jan 18—3m

HOLMES'S
Celebrated Cough Mixture,

FOR the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Influenza, Hooping Cough, Consumption, and all affections of the Breast and Lungs.

This highly useful medicine is prepared from the formula of a distinguished Physician of England, who, in the course of a very extensive practice in that country, found the most unfailing success for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Affections of the Chest.

It will be found to possess, in an eminent degree, the power of allaying the irritation, so troublesome in Coughs, relieving difficult expectoration, otherwise difficulty of breathing, tickling in the throat, hoarseness, habitual cough, &c. It has effected more cures in the incipient stages of Consumption and winter Coughs, than any other that has ever been known before the public, the most obstinate cases having been cured by its timely application. It contains no opium, or any of its preparations, and may be taken with the greatest safety by the most delicate person, requiring no confinement, and will not in the least interfere with business. Reference can be given to a highly respectable gentleman, resident of this city, who procured the receipt for its preparation when in England, and now having for a long time used it in his own family, both at home and abroad, and incipient consumption, was by the timely use of this most excellent medicine, completely restored to health. Reference can also be given to other very respectable persons in this city, who have used it in their families, and with most unequivocal benefit, will most willingly bear testimony to its efficacy.

☞ Price 50 cents per bottle. *Prepared only at* HARSHALL'S *Drug and Chemical Store*, No. 212 Market street, next door to the Western Bank, Philadelphia.

feb 14—3m

Hides, Oil and Leather.

THE Subscriber has at his Hide and Leather Store, No. 71 South Third street, half way between Market and Chestnut streets, a large assortment of Spanish Hides, Tanners' Oil, Tools and Leather, viz:

3000 La Plata Hides, 900 La Guyra Hides,
3000 Chili, do 500 Pernambuco, do
1000 Rio Grande do. all of the best quality.
2500 Hemlock and Oak Tanned Patna Kips, for Upper Leather.
100 Bales best Scotch and Rasle Oil.

All of which he will sell on the most accommodating terms to Tanners.

A general assortment of Leather finished and in the rough. Leather wanted, for which the highest market prices will be given in cash, or in exchange for Hides, &c.

DAVID KIRKPATRICK,
feb 28—3m—1y No. 71 South Third Street.

Ladies' Institute,
No. 255 Market Street, Philadelphia.

A BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL, in which are taught all the general branches of a female education, with the useful accomplishments and Elementary graces.

Terms for the substantial branches per quarter, from 5 to 20 dollars. Lessons in French, on the Piano Forte Drawing, and various styles of Painting, and other ornamental branches, extra charge. Terms per annum, for board and washing, &c. made known on application.

Also, a Junior Boarding and Guardian School, for the education of Children. Terms per annum $200.

feb 7—eowtf Principal, M. A. WRIGHT.

Carpet Manufactory.

JOSEPH SWARTZ, No. 310 North Third street, next door to the Commissioners' Hall, Philadelphia, where fashionable Carpets are wove of different patterns, in the handsomest style. Also, ready made Carpets kept on hand, which will be sold wholesale and retail, at the most reasonable prices.

Orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

The subscriber also informs the public in general, that he has at present an extensive assortment of Domestic Carpeting for sale, of superior quality, which he can recommend to all parts of the United States, as very low prices, for cash.

Also, several hundred yards very superior Plaid Carpeting.

N. B.—The advertiser has received a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute, for manufacturing Carpeting of superior quality.

Manufactory of
THEODOLITES, ENGINEERS' **Levels,**
SURVEYORS' COMPASSES, &c. &c.

No. 80 South Third Street, Opposite Philadelphia Exchange.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture and repair all kinds of Mathematical and Optical instruments, and will warrant them to be at least equal to any imported or manufactured in this country. The numerous recommendations in his possession, received from eminent Engineers and other scientific gentlemen, fully justify him in making the above assertion.

As surviving partner of the late firm of SAUNDERS & DRAPER, he also believes himself he possesses an additional claim to a share of public patronage, on account of the high reputation formerly enjoyed by that firm.

☞ Orders from any part of the United States, thankfully received and punctually attended to on the most favourable terms, by EDMUND DRAPER.

feb 15—1y

Farm for Sale.

WILL be sold at Public Vendue, on the 8th of 5th month next, between 12 and 3 o'clock, P. M. on the premises, the Plantation, wherein Roberts Pierce now lives, in the township of Moreland, county of Montgomery, and commonly called Fast View Farm, containing 120 acres, about 100 of which is tarn, 40 meadow, and the remainder meadow land. It is divided into lots of about 20 acres each, inclosed with good chestnut rail fences, and watered in every field from the meadow and four of the former fields have good springs of water to them. The improvements are a good dwelling house, a new frame of good size at the door, a barn and hay house, with stabling for twelve head of horses. A good orchard of apple trees, through said farm, from Bustertown to Commissioners, about 3 miles from the former and 2 from the latter place, at each of which places there is a share of dependence as the Camden and Amboy and Delaware and Atlantic Rail-roads—at the time of sale from a great mill, 1 from a saw mill, and machines of every denomination in the neighbourhood. The facilities for getting lime, salt and manure will render it convenient for carrying on the same. For further information, apply to the subscriber, or Abraham Z. Shreve, who resides on said farm.

☞ Sale will be positive. CALEB SHREVE, Jr.

mar 16—6t

Important to Tailors.

ALLEN WARD Nos. 70 and 80 Arcade, Philadelphia, gives notice, that he has fully patronized what he calls the PROOF SYSTEM OF TAILORING, and now offers Rights, with explanations, models, &c., thereunto belonging, for the use of *five dollars per square inch*, payable when the money may be sent to him by mail, or otherwise, whereupon the sum issued will be furnished with a set of models and a diploma, the sum of which will be explained; and any person disapproving of the use of the system, after giving it a fair trial, shall have his money refunded, by returning the models, &c. unopened.

Ward proposes to publish quarterly, the Fashions, according to the Protractor System, the price of which is one dollar